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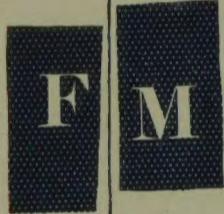


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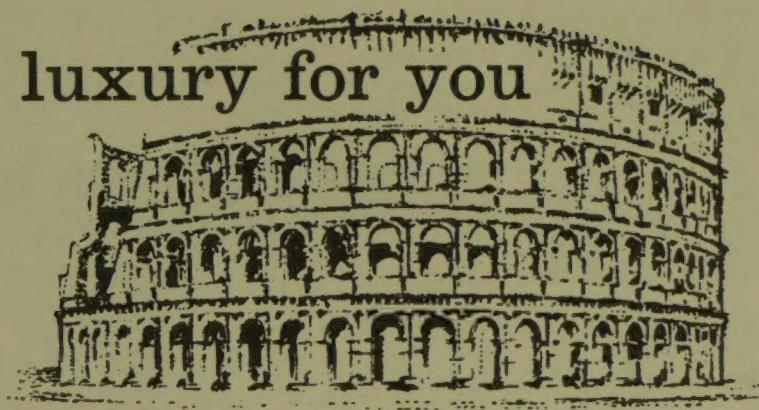


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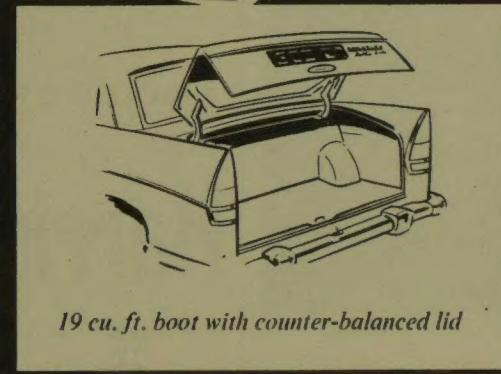
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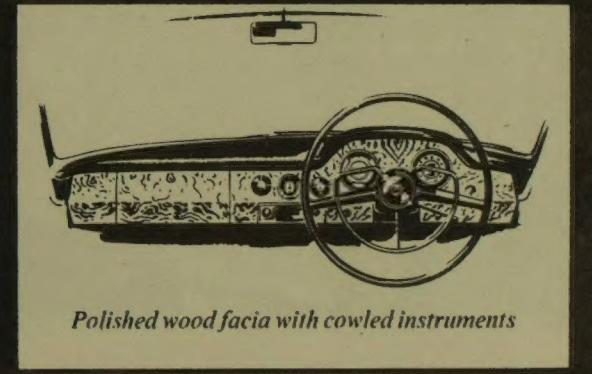
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SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1959.



THE PETER PAN OF POLITICS WITH THE PETER PAN OF FAIRY-TALE: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL WITH (L. TO R.) HIS DAUGHTER, SARAH; LADY CHURCHILL; AND JULIA LOCKWOOD (WENDY). BELOW ARE TWO GRANDCHILDREN, EMMA AND JEREMY SOAMES.

On December 30 Sir Winston and Lady Churchill took a party including four of their grandchildren to the Scala Theatre, where their daughter, Sarah, is this year's Peter Pan. Sir Winston, who is eighty-four, had never seen the play before, said that he loved it and added, "I am not too old to enjoy it." Lady Churchill also saw it "many years ago" with Sir James Barrie at a

dress rehearsal. After the matinée the whole party went backstage and there in a room in the theatre (where our photograph was taken) Miss Sarah Churchill introduced the rest of the cast to her father and mother. It was noticed that during the performance Sir Winston kept his hands warm in the large fur muff seen in the photograph.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

AT the time of my writing this page there is a rare to-do in the popular Press about the fortunes of English cricket or rather of those of the M.C.C. Touring Team in Australia. This menace to our prestige seems to depress those who write about such matters even more than the threats of our late Russian allies to spray us with hydrogen-bombs in the spring if we dare to resist their unilateral action over Berlin. What, they ask, is going to happen to England? What shall we do to save England's cricket from eclipse and disaster? Which reminds me of a story which my old housemaster at Harrow, who died nearly thirty years ago, used to tell of Winston Churchill when the latter first appeared before him as a newcomer in his mathematical class. Finding after he had put to them a few searching questions at the beginning of term that the new boys, of whom Churchill was one, were mathematically speaking a more than usually ignorant lot, the good man wrung his hands and, looking down at them over his spectacles, observed, more in despair than in anger, "Oh boys, boys, what shall I do with you? What shall I do with such very ignorant boys?" Upon which a cherubic little lad—one day to be Prime Minister of Britain—arose from the back bench and said, "Please, sir, teach us!"

To adapt Sir Winston's reply, to those who ask what should the M.C.C. Touring Team do to retrieve English cricket from disaster or eclipse, I would reply in the same vein, "Play cricket! Play it as a game as it used to be played when I was a boy by cricketers like Archie MacLaren, G. L. Jessop and C. B. Fry." The object of the game after all, if batting, is to hit the ball as hard and as far as it will go and as frequently as possible and without its being caught or interfered with by the fielders, and, if bowling, to hit the wicket or force the batsman to get himself caught, stumped or given out l.b.w. There are many refinements on this, of course, but *au fond*, provided one knows how to play it, it is almost as simple as that! And it is a game, not an international conference or a competition in national prestige. What the popular Press needs more than anything else is a sense of proportion, and, as the lack of this virtue is infectious, it is difficult to escape the conclusion that the Public wants it, too.

It is no bad thing, of course, that the English people should be ardently interested in sport. They always have been. Hazlitt said of them close on a century-and-a-half ago that in this respect they were "a sort of grown children." "Cudgel-playing, quarterstaff, bull and badger-baiting, cock-fighting are almost the peculiar diversions of this island. . . . There is no place where trap-ball, fives, prison-base, football, quoits, bowls are better understood or more successfully practised, and the very names of a cricket bat make English fingers tingle." The other sports Hazlitt mentions are mostly extant, but football and cricket are even more enthusiastically, and far more systematically, played to-day than in his time. This love of game and games acts as a kind of safety-valve to English energies and emotions, and constitutes, too, a reserve against the day when the English have to bend all their efforts to some great and exacting task. Then it is found—as it was in 1914, and again in 1939, and may be found again—that the race has a staying power unequalled by any other. They have allowed their minds to graze so long in

peaceful, happy pastures that, with all that sunshine of sport stored in their hearts, they can endure with fortitude an almost indefinite length of grim days. But, for all their enthusiasm for sport, they have never until lately made the mistake of supposing it to be anything but sport. They have regarded cricket as a game, an all-absorbing, fascinating game, but a game, not an ordeal or penance. Modern journalism seems to be in danger of making them think otherwise; at least the journalists themselves, unless they are writing with their tongues in their cheeks to please their proprietors, appear to regard any major international sporting event nowadays with an almost lachrymose gravity. And how absurd it

affair as the debates of an urban district council or a city company meeting.

"Throw your heart over," wrote that great Master of Hounds, Assheton Smith, "and your horse will follow!" That is the spirit in which cricket, like any other manly sport, should be played. Watching the Eton and Harrow match last summer I was saddened, not for the first time, to see with how little gusto at these great schools this splendid game appears nowadays to be taught. The object of nearly every batsman appeared to be to refrain at all costs, including that of losing the match, from doing anything that could jeopardise his wicket. There were moments in the game—so faithful a mirror of life

is cricket—when even this depressing attitude assumed a certain dignity and almost majesty, as when two boys, neither of them very skilful bats, stolidly and heroically played out time to prevent an almost certain, and up till then, richly deserved defeat. But for the greater part of the match, the unhappy boys taking part, schooled as they had obviously been to play for safety, were struggling, and with the most humiliating results, against their own natures. It is not in the nature of a boy to eschew attack; his true *métier*, and the one that will soonest make a man of him, is to go for the bowling as a terrier goes for a rat. He must play his eye in, of course, but after that he should set to work to master the bowling and make the fielders look sharp. If he waits to attack, as seemingly he has been bidden by his cautious masters, until he gets a loose ball, the chances are that he will be bowled, caught or stumped before he gets one at all! The way to make a bowler bowl loose balls is to hit his good ones. And no one is more quickly and easily discouraged than a boy bowler if he is staunchly and consistently hit; I have seen it happen in this match again and again. After the "sound" batsmen have played themselves out by playing "French cricket" in exaggerated deference to modest but grossly over-flattered bowling, some "poor" but carefree batsman low down in the batting order—a bowler or wicket-keeper—has come in and with a dozen hefty swipes demoralised both bowlers and fielders and transformed the scoreboard. The batsman who goes for the bowling may lose his wicket but, if he has a good eye and a straight bat, he is just as likely to make runs and smooth the path not only of himself but of his fellows.

No: cricket is a game and a glorious game when it is played as it should be. And whenever I visit the Pavilion at Lord's and find myself depressed, as so often happens, by the spiritless and joyless proceedings in the middle of the ground, I console myself by looking at the picture of the Kentish yeomen who a century or more ago dominated the game and under the likeness of whose majestic frame these lines appear: With his tall and stately presence, with his noble, moulded form, His broad hand was ever open, his brave heart was ever warm; All were proud of him, all loved him. As the changing seasons pass, As our champion lies a-sleeping underneath the Kentish grass, Proudly, sadly we will name him—to forget him were a sin, Lightly lie the turf above thee, kind and manly Alfred Mynn.

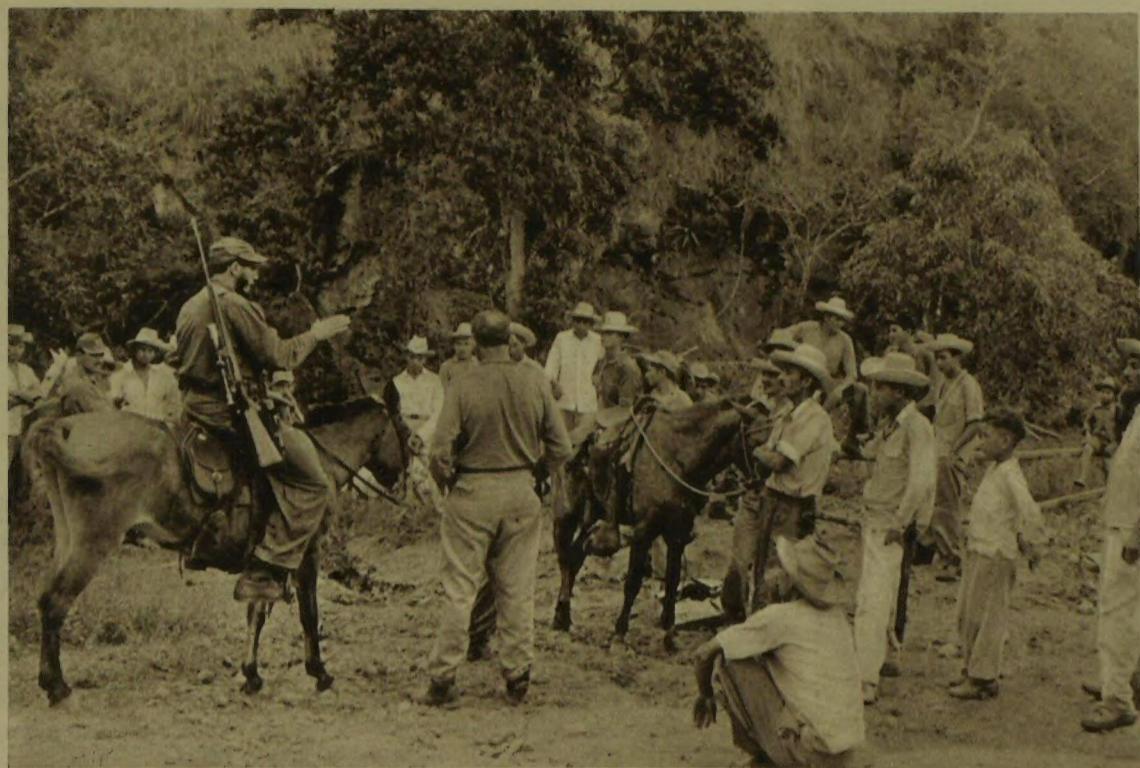


PAINTED FOR ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL, OF WHICH HE IS AN OLD BOY: A NEW PORTRAIT OF FIELD MARSHAL VISCOUNT MONTGOMERY, BY DENIS FILDES.

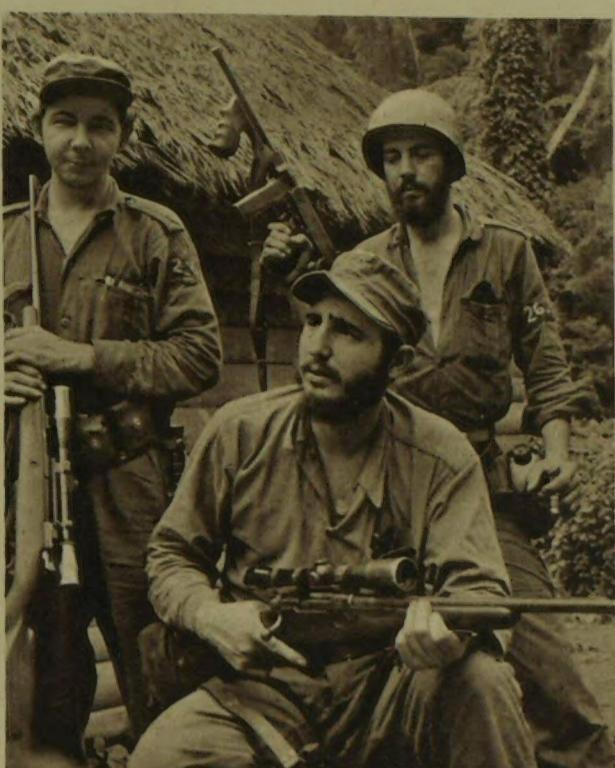
This portrait, for which the Field Marshal gave the artist a number of sittings in his country home in Hampshire, has been commissioned by St. Paul's School, where Viscount Montgomery was once a pupil. It shows him wearing No. 1 Ceremonial Dress, with the Ribbon and Star of the Order of the Garter and, below the Star, the insignia of a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath.

is! Who really cares outside a lunatic asylum whether England or Australia wins? refuses to take his food or worries himself into a decline because Cowdrey has sprained a toe or Graveney a tendon? The only people it really concerns vitally are the players themselves and then only within the limits of the game they seek to win. All that matters is that the game should be played with spirit, vigour and good humour and that each side and every player in it should do all that can be fairly done to win. That was how thirty years ago we used to play cricket on the pasture pitches of North Buckinghamshire—four full innings in an afternoon and neighbour's fare for all!—and I have never seen or enjoyed better sport. It is the failure to play cricket in its higher reaches in this way that is killing the game and is making it, on many a county ground, as dreary and dull an

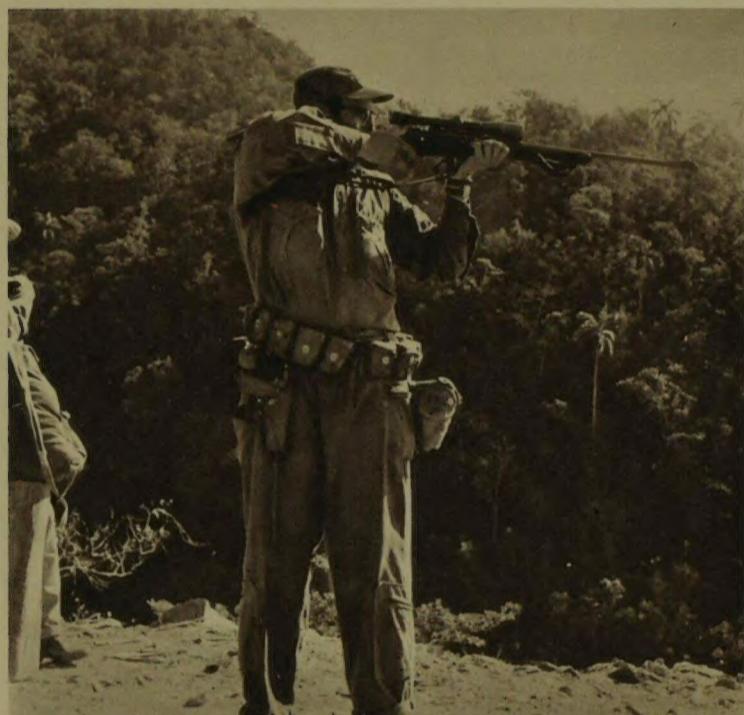
WITH CUBA'S REBEL ARMY: DR. FIDEL CASTRO AND HIS SUPPORTERS.



AT A REBEL MEETING IN EASTERN CUBA : DR. CASTRO GIVING INSTRUCTIONS TO SOME OF HIS MEN DURING HIS MILITARY CAMPAIGN AGAINST PRESIDENT BATISTA, WHICH ENDED IN VICTORY AFTER TWENTY-FIVE MONTHS.



AT A MOUNTAIN HIDE-OUT IN ORIENTE PROVINCE: DR. CASTRO (SEATED) AND TWO OF HIS SUPPORTERS, WHO ARE WEARING THE REBEL ARMBAND.



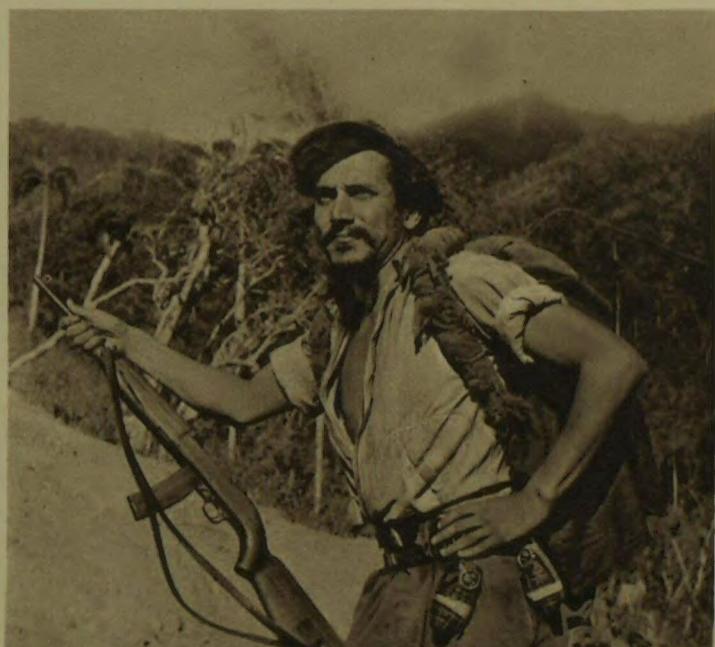
DR. FIDEL CASTRO, LEADER OF THE CUBAN REBEL MOVEMENT, DURING SHOOTING PRACTICE IN A MOUNTAINOUS REGION OF CUBA.



DR. CASTRO, WHOSE VICTORY HAS BEEN ENTHUSIASTICALLY GREETED IN MANY PARTS OF CUBA, GIVING A RIFLE DEMONSTRATION TO MEMBERS OF HIS MOVEMENT NEAR THE GRAVE OF A FALLEN COMRADE.



ONE OF DR. CASTRO'S SOLDIERS, WHOSE GUERRILLA CAMPAIGN FINALLY SUCCEEDED IN BRINGING ABOUT THE DOWNFALL OF PRESIDENT BATISTA.



ANOTHER OF DR. CASTRO'S TROOPS, MANY OF WHOM ARE REPORTED TO HAVE VOWED TO STAY UNSHAVED UNTIL PRESIDENT BATISTA'S OVERTHROW.

Dr. Fidel Castro's campaign against President Batista, which led to the latter's downfall at the New Year, has been continuing since late in 1956, when a band of Cuban exiles, from Mexico and led by Dr. Castro, landed in Cuba from a fishing vessel. They were met by Government forces on landing and only a handful of the original party escaped. Dr. Castro, however, carried on the fight and by the middle part of last year his guerrilla warfare had brought him control of nearly the whole of the eastern part of Cuba. When peaceful

efforts to persuade President Batista to exercise restraint and to reinstate the constitutional Government which he had promised failed, support for Dr. Castro's movement grew. The brutal measures taken by the Batista régime to forestall a general strike called by the rebels last April also greatly helped the rebel cause, which was known as the July 26 Movement from the date of one of Dr. Castro's early anti-Government actions. Dr. Castro is only thirty-two, and was formerly a lawyer. His father was a wealthy sugar planter.



A SCENE DURING THE DISORDERS IN HAVANA WHICH FOLLOWED THE NEWS OF PRESIDENT BATISTA'S FLIGHT TO THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC.

AS news of President Batista's flight from Cuba became known in Havana on New Year's Day, the streets of the city filled with jubilant demonstrators. After a while, however, the shouting and flag-waving developed into rioting and looting. Mobs ransacked a Government newspaper office, set fire to a gambling casino, attacked foreign airline offices and looted stores. Numerous parking meters, [Continued below, centre.]



DEBRIS LYING ABOUT IN A STREET IN HAVANA SHORTLY AFTER POLICEMEN HAD CLEARED AWAY AN UNRULY AND DESTRUCTIVE MOB.



THE HOME OF EX-PRESIDENT BATISTA AT DAYTONA BEACH, FLORIDA. HE FLED FROM CUBA TO THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC, AND HAS BEEN SENTENCED TO DEATH, IN ABSENTIA, BY THE REBEL MOVEMENT.

AFTER THE DOWNFALL OF PRESIDENT OF DR. CASTRO'S TROOPS:



REBEL FORCES SHORTLY AFTER THEY HAD TAKEN THE ARMY H.Q. IN FOMENTO. SECOND FROM RIGHT (FOREGROUND) IS ERNESTO GUEVARA, ONE OF CASTRO'S COMMANDERS.



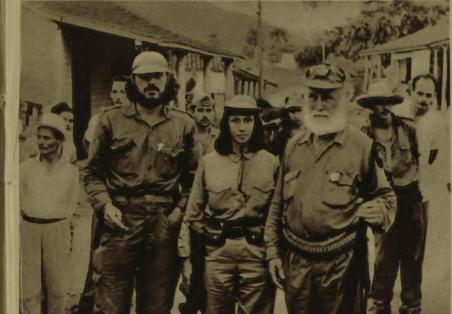
BROKEN GLASS, A PROSTRATE CASUALTY AND RUNNING CIVILIANS: A SCENE DURING THE RECENT RIOTING, LOOTING AND FIGHTING IN HAVANA.

Continued.] which were unpopular, were also destroyed. Hundreds of prisoners detained in the Principe prison for political reasons were set free on the order of legal authorities after large crowds had gathered outside the prison to demand their release. While disorder reigned in Havana, American tourists stranded there either took refuge in their hotels or [Continued, right.]



A DICTATOR'S SON WHO IS NOT LIKELY TO FOLLOW IN FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS IN CUBA: ONE OF GENERAL BATISTA'S SONS SITS GRIMACING IN THE SEAT OF HONOUR IN THE COUNCIL CHAMBER AT HAVANA, BEFORE HIS FATHER'S FLIGHT FROM CUBA.

BATISTA AND BEFORE THE ARRIVAL RIOTS IN HAVANA.



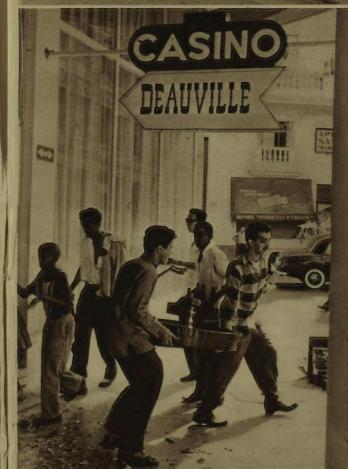
WHILE FIGHTING BETWEEN GOVERNMENT AND REBEL FORCES CONTINUED AT SANTA CLARA: SUPPORTERS OF DR. CASTRO IN FOMENTO, IN LAS VILLAS PROVINCE.



A BRAWL IN HAVANA AFTER PRESIDENT BATISTA'S DOWNFALL. ORDER WAS GRADUALLY RESTORED AS DR. CASTRO'S TROOPS ARRIVED IN THE CITY.



ANOTHER SCENE OF DELIBERATE DESTRUCTION IN ONE OF HAVANA'S MAIN SQUARES. THERE WERE ALSO OUTBREAKS OF VIOLENCE BETWEEN REBEL AND GOVERNMENT SUPPORTERS.



RANSACKING A CASINO IN HAVANA: YOUTHS CARRYING OUT ONE OF THE ROULETTE WHEELS TO DESTROY IT IN THE SQUARE DURING THE RECENT RIOTING.

A DUEL TO THE DEATH—A POLICEMAN ABOUT TO SHOOT DEAD AN ARMED MOB MEMBER AFTER THE TRAVEL AGENCY IN THE BACKGROUND WAS RANSACKED. General Batista, who had embarked in a United States ship sent specially to evacuate them. On January 2 there was a small set battle between rebel supporters and police and Government supporters, who barricaded themselves into an office building before being defeated. The rioting in the capital was believed to have caused some fifteen deaths and about fifty people were injured. The city was paralysed by a general strike, which was called off. Order returned gradually when—also on January 2—the first group of Dr. Castro's bearded soldiers arrived in the city. Following President Batista's departure, a military junta, headed by Major-General Eulogio Cantillo, took command, appointing Señor Carlos Piedra Provisional President. As Dr. Castro's troops entered Havana, however, Dr. Manuel Urrutia was proclaimed Provisional Revolutionary President, and later Major-General Cantillo was arrested and held on charges of treason. Dr. Castro himself—still making a triumphant journey towards Havana at the time of writing—was designated chief of the armed forces in the Cabinet and other appointments announced by Dr. Urrutia on January 3.



A SCENE OF DISORDER OUTSIDE AN AMERICAN AIRWAYS OFFICE IN HAVANA. ACCORDING TO ONE REPORT, ABOUT FIFTEEN PEOPLE WERE KILLED IN THE RIOTING.

PROFESSOR R. A. HUMPHREYS has written: "So strong is the revolutionary tradition (in Latin America) that since the end of the Second World War there are only five of these twenty republics in which a *de facto* régime has not succumbed to military pressure or armed rebellion."* Cuba, a republic under a dictatorship, has started the year with revolution. Yet another Spanish-American dictator has taken to his heels, amid rejoicing so general and furious that, had we not grown accustomed to the spectacle, we should not be able to understand how a ruler, with, on the face of it, virtually no supporters, had survived so long.

The rebellion had actually been in progress for just over two years, having been started by a handful of enthusiasts who landed from a fishing schooner, but had only recently involved big-scale fighting and only attained its maximum about the beginning of December. Little regard was paid to it by the outer world till then, and little news came out. The dictator's censorship must have been effective. Cuba differs from the other republics surveyed by Professor Humphreys because it remained a Spanish colony until sixty years ago. It has, however, specialised in long rebellions. That of 1868 took the Spaniards ten years to extinguish. That of 1895 had run three years when it brought on the Spanish-American

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

REVOLUTION IN CUBA

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

the last licence for the export of rockets was issued for a consignment sent two months ago. At that time it hardly seemed likely that the revolt would develop as it in fact did or that these weapons would be used against it. Yet it cannot be denied that some prejudice against Britain was created in Latin America by the despatch of these arms, which were employed in the heavy fighting in and about Santa Clara.

We still know little about details, but we can easily reconstruct the whole story in outline because the pattern is so familiar. President Batista was a man of ability, as have been the majority of the Latin-American *Caudillos*. He began by accomplishing some good work for his country. But high-handedness and injustice led to opposition, then to the intervention of Fidel Castro, and as resistance grew, the attitude of the régime became more and more savage and it was guilty of abominable cruelties. Even those who had been accounted as among the faithful were shocked and dropped away in large numbers. The

of occupation or of the home Government was suicidal. It played into their hands. It gave them a target, which is what they always seek in the suppression of rebellion. And, since many of the leaders had applied themselves to the study of history, they realised that in past revolts the opposition became far more deadly after

it had been well beaten in the field and forced, whether it liked the prospect or no, to turn to guerrilla or underground warfare. After great success with these tactics it might even be able to take the field again, but not until then. Surely it would be better to start with the guerrilla tactics. This appears to be how things went here.

The near future must be left to speak for itself. Taking a longer view, it would seem that dictatorship is on the wane in Latin America, though it is flourishing in Asia. Some of the American continental States which remain under authoritarian rule have at least got rid of their single-handed dictators. For the first time since the Spanish colonies became free the disappearance of American dictatorship seems in sight. To quote Professor Humphreys again, "among them were sincere and high-minded men, not without honour or undeserving of honour in the countries which they ruled." Among them there were also murderers, torturers and robbers. The best dictators do not commonly arouse in us the enthusiasm we derive



THE REBELLION IN CUBA : DR. FIDEL CASTRO, THE REBEL LEADER (LEFT), AND EX-PRESIDENT BATISTA, WHO FLED FROM CUBA AS THE NEW YEAR BEGAN.

After proclaiming a victory at Santa Clara over the rebel forces led by Dr. Fidel Castro, President Batista fled from Cuba for the Dominican Republic on the night of December 31-January 1. His departure was followed by widespread scenes of rejoicing. A military junta took over, but soon dissolved itself, after appointing Señor Carlos Piedra, senior member of the Cuban Supreme Court, Provisional President. Señor Piedra called on

the rebel force for co-operation in establishing peace, but Dr. Fidel Castro announced that rebel operations would continue until the revolution was complete. General Batista, under whom Cuba had developed into a dictatorial State, seized power through a military coup in 1952. Dr. Fidel Castro, born in 1927, was previously a lawyer in Havana, and began his campaign in Cuba against President Batista late in 1956.

War. This makes fifteen years of revolt against Spain or the island's own Government out of ninety.

Batista's opponent, Dr. Fidel Castro, has shown extraordinary determination and patience. He and his cause have aroused sympathy over a great part of Central and South America, and there must have been arms running on a very big scale to enable him to fight on the scale reached at the end of last year. The first sign that he was making serious progress came in the shape of reports that the rebels had established a strong holding in the eastern province of Oriente. Then followed a sudden flare-up hundreds of miles to the westward, at Santa Clara. Something must at once have gone wrong for the Government, since it was announced that Batista had dismissed senior officers of the Army and Navy. Immediately afterwards, however, he proclaimed a great victory, and for a couple of days radio messages from the side of the rebels seemed to confirm that he had gained a considerable success.

We know that he had modern weapons at his disposal, including tanks, armoured cars and bombers. Before the British Government prohibited the export of arms to Cuba that of a number of Sea Fury aircraft was authorised, and

collapse of the dictator's appeal made it easier for the rebels to bring in arms. Then suddenly, to the surprise of most outside observers, Batista threw up the sponge.

But he himself was not surprised. The more capable of the dictators seldom are. It is interesting to observe how closely their arrangements correspond. In earlier days disillusioned dictators and their most devoted—and most deeply involved—followers mounted fleet mustangs or sailed in a frigate if their State had a seaboard. Then cars took the place of mustangs. Finally an aircraft became all the go. There is rarely a hitch. The aircraft is always standing by. Fidelity pays the crew and the airport staff. The destination has long been arranged. (This time it was Ciudad Trujillo, capital of the Dominican Republic, no bad choice as a dictator's refuge.) One may rest assured that the financial arrangements have been made with equal care and that the fugitives will not embarrass their hosts by arriving in a state of penury.

Since the beginning of the Second World War especially—though scattered examples appeared earlier—an almost standard technique has marked opposition in arms to foreign rule or to unpopular Governments. It is a difference of which we show ourselves aware when we speak of "resistance movements" rather than of revolt. It dawned upon leaders that in most cases to stand up to the hitting power of the generally better-armed forces

from a single sentence of the great and noble San Martin, who, bidding farewell to the people of Peru whom he had liberated, told them that the proximity of a successful soldier was a danger to a newly-born State. Dictators have sometimes served their turn, but it will not be an ill day when all have become out of date.

Revolution has taken various forms in these republics, but the commonest has been one of the least damaging. A week or two of marching and propaganda, a few days' fighting with the minimum of casualties, and all is over one way or the other. Often enough the people have been untouched—and almost uninterested—and trade has hardly suffered. If the reports from Santa Clara and other towns are near the truth, this has been decidedly more serious and would have been disastrous economically had the fighting been further prolonged. Other reasons besides humanity, therefore, urge us to hope that all will soon be over and that Cuba will settle down peacefully, until the next revolution. In the interval the world needs its sugar, its nickel, and its cigars, and Cuba needs to maintain the flow of these valuable exports.

CORRECTION. In our issue of December 20 (page 1082), we reproduced a photograph of a wax effigy of Dr. Nkrumah and described a visitor to Madame Tussaud's as "Miss Mackay." This was incorrect and it should have read "Miss Mercy Appah, the first visitor from Ghana to see the effigy."

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



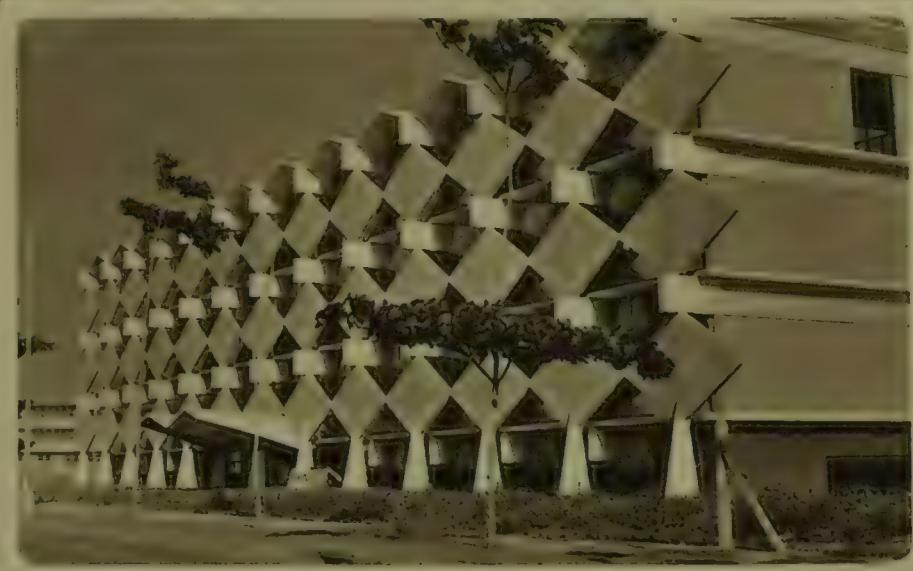
AN AERIAL VIEW OF SOME OF THE FINE, MODERN BUILDINGS OVERLOOKING THE SEA IN HAVANA, THE CUBAN CAPITAL.



A PHOTOGRAPH OF EX-PRESIDENT BATISTA'S PALACE IN HAVANA, WHICH IS REPORTED TO HAVE COST \$2,000,000 TO BUILD.



A PANORAMIC VIEW OF HAVANA, WHICH HAS A POPULATION OF OVER ONE MILLION AND IS A POPULAR RESORT FOR AMERICAN TOURISTS.



AN EXPERIMENTAL LABORATORY, RECENTLY BUILT, AT THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY IN HAVANA—ONE OF THE FOUR UNIVERSITIES IN CUBA.



AN IMPRESSIVE VIEW OF ONE OF HAVANA'S NEWEST LANDMARKS—THE HAVANA HILTON HOTEL, EVIDENCE OF A FLOURISHING TOURIST INDUSTRY.

CUBA. VIEWS IN HAVANA, THE CAPITAL, THE SCENE OF JUBILATION AND RIOTING AFTER GEN. BATISTA'S DOWNFALL.

FOLLOWING the fall and flight of Cuba's dictator, ex-President Fulgencio Batista, during the night of December 31 - January 1, Havana, Cuba's capital, found itself the victim of a general strike and of numerous pseudo-rebels as it awaited the arrival of Dr. Fidel Castro, the successful rebel leader. Life in the sun-drenched city by the sea, which has a population of over a million and is a prosperous tourist centre, was being made increasingly chaotic by the strike, which, however, was called off—in a radio broadcast from Havana—by the

rebels on January 4, shortly after it began. The day before this, as groups of Dr. Castro's soldiers were welcomed to Havana, mobs who had been terrorising the city were gradually brought under control. At a mass rally in Havana's central park, a spokesman of Dr. Castro announced that Dr. Urrutia, the Provisional President, would restore the constitutional guarantee and complete freedom of the Press, would support and protect the sugar industry, and would use money from the sugar harvest to help the poorer farmers.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



BERMUDA. THE NEW CROWN-PIECE (BOTH FACES) MINTED TO COMMEMORATE THE 350TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE COLONY. The 350th anniversary of Bermuda, the oldest Crown Colony, is being commemorated with a special crown-piece, as shown, the words "One Crown" signifying, beside the value, that Bermuda has been under the single British Crown since 1609. A special stamp is being issued.



CANADA. A PORTABLE CHURCH, DESIGNED FOR USE IN NEW HOUSING DEVELOPMENTS AGAINST THE TIME WHEN A PERMANENT BUILDING CAN BE ERECTED. The United Church of Canada (an amalgamation of Methodists, Presbyterians and Congregationalists) owns six portable churches like this. They are designed to meet sudden growths of population and can be used until a permanent church can be built.



NORTHERN NIGERIA. THE "NORTHERN KNOT" WHICH WILL BE THE OFFICIAL BADGE OF NORTHERN NIGERIA IN MARCH.

This emblem, which is an already popular design, especially embroidered on gowns, in the region, will be the official badge of Northern Nigeria when self-government comes in March this year. It will appear on documents, official vehicles and other articles of Government property.



NEW YORK STATE, U.S.A. MR. NELSON ROCKEFELLER TAKING THE OATH AS GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK STATE AT ALBANY BEFORE (LEFT) JUDGE CONWAY ON DECEMBER 31.

Just before the end of the old year, Mr. Rockefeller (who is seen here accompanied by his wife) took the oath as Governor. After taking office he said it would be the firm policy of the Governor and his administration not to accept gifts of a personal nature.



OHIO, U.S.A. A DAYTON REPORTER WHOSE FEET WERE NOT ON THE GROUND: AN OHIO NEWSPAPERMAN FLOATING FREE IN A COMPLEX AERIAL MANEUVER.

During tests of space equipment at the Wright-Patterson Air Base at Dayton, this reporter experienced a new sensation in a Convair aircraft executing a maneuver reducing gravity to zero.



Gun Machine 7.62mm M 60

MASSACHUSETTS, U.S.A. THE U.S. ARMY'S NEW MACHINE-GUN, DESIGNED TO USE THE STANDARDISED N.A.T.O. 7.62 MM. CARTRIDGES. IT WEIGHS 23 LB. The first of these new M-60 machine-guns came off the production line at the Springfield Armory on December 29. It was adopted in 1957 and is gas-operated and belt-fed. It is capable of firing 550 rounds a minute and can be fired from hip, shoulder or tripod.



NORTHERN ITALY: THE SPECTACULAR RESULT OF A RAIL COLLISION BETWEEN A PASSENGER EXPRESS AND SOME GOODS WAGONS ON NEW YEAR'S DAY NEAR TORTONA. TWO PERSONS WERE KILLED AND TEN INJURED, THE TRAIN BEING NEARLY EMPTY AT THE TIME.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



THE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVES IN THE SHOE WON'T ANSWER THE DOOR: ONE OF QUEBEC'S WINTER CARNIVAL FIGURES.



FOR THE "CARNAVAL DE QUEBEC" STATUARY IN SNOW—A TRICOLOR-FLAGGED "EIFFEL TOWER."



FOR THIS IMPRESSIVE SAILING-SHIP IN SNOW AND ICE, A FRAMEWORK OF WOOD WAS NEEDED AS A FOUNDATION.



"VIVENT LES POMPIERS!" THIS LIVELY FIRE EQUIPAGE WAS CREATED BY THE QUEBEC FIREMEN THEMSELVES.



THE ICE PALACE, ILLUMINATED AT NIGHT AND DECORATED BY THE FINE ARTS SCHOOL, ATTRACTS MUCH ATTENTION.



MANY OF THE FIGURES ARE BUILT BY PRIVATE PERSONS AND MUCH TIME AND CARE ARE SPENT ON THEM.



SNOW FIGURES ARE CHILDHOOD'S DELIGHT; AND SUCH CHARACTERS AS "PLUTO" ARE NATURALLY POPULAR.



THE RABBIT WITH A LOP-EAR, TO WHICH AN ICICLE ADDS A FURTHER TOUCH, IS THE PRIDE OF THE HOUSE.

QUEBEC, CANADA. "A PLEASURE TOWN WITH FORMS OF ICE"—SNOW SCULPTURE OF THE WINTER "CARNAVAL DE QUEBEC."

Winter may be hard in Canada, but it gives amateur sculptors a wonderful chance to exercise their skill and fantasy during the annual winter "Carnaval de Quebec," when statuary in snow and ice springs up in many private gardens and public parks and places to chime with the period of seasonal

rejoicing. As can be seen, many of these works are fantasies, which have taken a lot of labour and time and give a great deal of pleasure, especially to children. Although created for a special occasion, the statues usually remain until the thaws of spring melt them away.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



U.S.A. NIAGARA IN THE GRIP OF AN EARLY FREEZE-UP: BENEATH THE THUNDERING FALLS AN ICE-JAM HAS SPREAD OVER THE LOWER RIVER.

The State of New York has endured an intensely cold New Year. One of the results has been the freezing-up of the St. Lawrence River by the Niagara Falls. Snow-covered ice has piled right up under the cascading torrent.



RHODESIA. ON THE ZAMBESI, THE RIVER IS MORE FRIENDLY. IN THE SHALLOW WATER BELOW THE TOWERING KARIBA DAM, GRATEFUL AFRICANS FIND FISHING EASY.

If North America was shivering and ice-bound at the New Year, the reverse was true in Rhodesia, where the Kariba Dam now harnesses the flow of the Zambesi River. In the shallow waters Africans have found spear-fishing an easy source of food.



THE ATLANTIC. THE CAPTAIN OF THE LIBERIAN TANKER *AFRICAN QUEEN* WALKS THE DECK OF HIS DOOMED SHIP THAT SPLIT OFF MARYLAND.

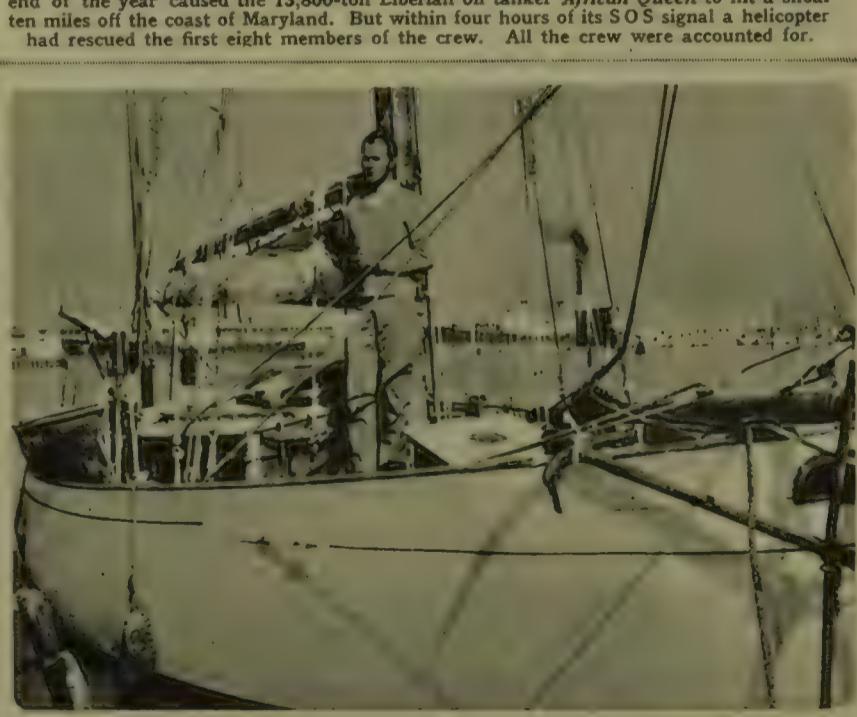


THE ATLANTIC. A HELICOPTER TAKES MEMBERS OF THE CREW OFF THE BOW SECTION OF *AFRICAN QUEEN*, WHICH BROKE IN TWO ON DECEMBER 30. ALL THE CREW WERE ACCOUNTED FOR.

The rough weather which descended on the eastern States of North America towards the end of the year caused the 13,800-ton Liberian oil tanker *African Queen* to hit a shoal ten miles off the coast of Maryland. But within four hours of its SOS signal a helicopter had rescued the first eight members of the crew. All the crew were accounted for.



THE NORTH ATLANTIC. A SANTA CLAUS OF THE AIR: A SHACKLETON AIRCRAFT OF COASTAL COMMAND DROPPING CHRISTMAS SUPPLIES AND MAIL TO *WEATHER WATCHER*. Christmas mail was delivered to the British weather ships in the Atlantic by aircraft of Coastal Command; and this photograph was taken over *Weather Watcher* at Station Alpha, in the Denmark Strait, 285 miles off Greenland. The squadron flew through snow and sleet.



U.S.A. THE COMPLETION OF A 13,000-MILE SEA VOYAGE ALONE: PETER TANGVALD STANDING ON HIS ENGLISH YAWL AFTER ARRIVING IN CALIFORNIA FROM ENGLAND.

Peter Tangvald, an American, has just completed a fourteen-month voyage alone from West Mersey, England, to Long Beach, California, in his 45-ft. yawl. He spent four days in a hurricane, forty-eight hours at the tiller without food, and broke two fingers.

A NOBLE TERMAGANT

"MARLBOROUGH'S DUCHESS." By LOUIS KRONENBERGER.*

An Appreciation by SIR CHARLES PETRIE.

IT was high time that we had an objective biography of Sarah Churchill. Sir Winston has, of course, had much to say about her in his writings on her husband, but he has naturally been primarily concerned with her as Marlborough's wife, whereas the present author has endeavoured to assess her as an individual. His task has not been an easy one since most of her letters to her husband have been destroyed, and as a result "she often—in terms of posterity—is cut out of scenes and situations in which, while alive, she vitally figured." It is true that her story is inseparable from that of Marlborough, but even on the evidence of these pages it is not easy to determine whether on the whole her influence was a curse or a blessing; her descendant, Sir Winston Churchill, would probably incline to the latter view, but Mr. Kronenberger would appear to be in some doubt.

What was unquestionably the case was that her temper, like that of Parliaments and cats in the opinion of Charles I, did not improve with age; she quarrelled with everybody except her husband, and Sir Winston has painted an unforgettable picture of the last years of the great soldier's life while "Sarah prowled around his couch like a she-bear guarding its slowly dying mate, and tearing all, friend or foe, who approached." Finally we find Vanbrugh, with whom she had one of the great quarrels of the eighteenth century over the building of Blenheim Palace, saying, "I wonder her family don't agree to lock her up."

In these pages Mr. Kronenberger judges the Duke himself more charitably than will some of his readers:

Doubtless, no man can be fully summed up in a single word; but if any man can, surely it is Marlborough, who was in every sense a worldling. He was not base by nature, nor by inclination either; but virtue hesitated as soon as ambition beckoned; it beckoned, with some need for deceit, at stage after stage of his career; and, despite what he might fancy, he was no more martyr than saint. In most big crises of his life he was guided, as are all but a few people, by self-interest....

John Churchill was everywhere regarded as the courtliest man of his age; suavity was his hallmark, diplomacy his forte; and plainly in such a man there will as soon be something treacherous as trustworthy.

That Marlborough was one of the greatest soldiers England has produced is unlikely to be seriously contested, but he was undoubtedly a good deal of a snob, and this weakness was certainly not shared by Sarah, for when she read Lediard's history of her husband, she remarked, "This history takes a great deal of pains to make the Duke of Marlborough's extraction very ancient. That may be true for aught I know; but it is no matter whether it be true or not in my opinion, for I value nobody for another's merit." There was a refreshing common sense about Sarah which at times almost blinds us to her many extremely unattractive qualities.

Of her devotion to her worldly husband there can be no question, and it could not be better expressed than when during her long widowhood she rejected the suit of the Duke of Somerset with the words, "If I were young and handsome as I was, instead of old and faded as I am, and you could lay the empire of the world at my feet, you should never have the heart and hand that once belonged to John, Duke of Marlborough." In the absence of so much written evidence it is not easy to estimate the extent to which she influenced

the Duke, but she was clearly a staunch Whig, whereas he was only a Whig when it suited his purpose. Towards any proposal to restore James II or his son to the throne—whatever the terms—she was unalterably opposed, while Marlborough himself would have been by no means averse to such a development, provided, of course, that his own position was adequately safeguarded.

It is usually held that Sarah's influence over Queen Anne was of the greatest possible assistance

contemptible, and personally all too often sullen and stubborn and petty." He might have said a great deal more, for the fact is that at every turn Anne proved herself to be a venomous, vulgar-minded woman, with a fondness for dissimulation and cabals, as Sarah was herself to discover to her cost. That she was popular, at any rate in her earlier years, cannot be denied, but rarely has English devotion to a national idol been more misplaced.

Such was the woman with whom the Duchess of Marlborough overplayed her hand. Sarah had dominated the Queen for so long that it never seems to have occurred to her until it was too late that Anne could escape from her tutelage. The Duke's methods may be described as *suaviter in modo*, but those of his wife as *fortiter in re*; dictation, rather than persuasion, was her favourite way of encompassing her ends. She was at no great pains to disguise the fact that she regarded the Queen as little better than a worm, but she forgot that worms will turn. Because she had always been successful she thought that she must always be successful, and she seems to have been slow in realising that Abigail Hill was supplanting her in Anne's affections. Yet Abigail was fundamentally much more congenial to the Queen than was Sarah, as Mr. Kronenberger points out:

Between Anne and Abigail there existed, finally, the intimate inequality that welds Queen and waiting woman—the almost menial duties, the being always within call, the being privy to the human necessities of someone who would seem above human need. Abigail had helped the Queen on those nights when Prince George was gasping with asthma; now she was Anne's close companion on the many occasions when George was "drunk, asleep or ill." She could inspire in Anne an affection that was all the greater because it was so untaxing. And increasingly she was of vital importance as concierge for Harley.

After her husband's death in 1722 the iron entered into Sarah's soul. She had lost the only

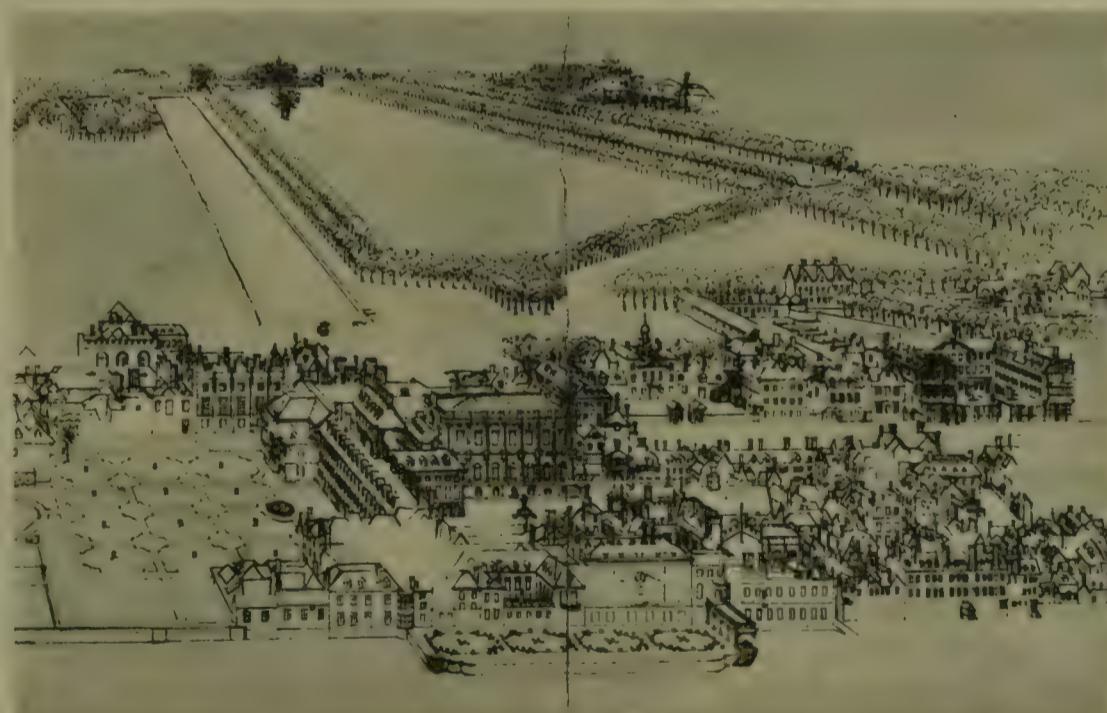
being who ever inspired any real affection in her; she was at bitter enmity with her two surviving daughters; and with the rest of the world she was in a state of perpetual feud. Yet to her credit it must be remembered that she gave away very considerable sums in charity, while in her will she left ten thousand pounds and landed property to the Elder Pitt, then a comparatively unimportant figure in the political world, in order to make him independent. "Although her relish for his attacks upon Walpole," comments Sir Winston Churchill, "affords one explanation of her motive, it is nevertheless an extraordinary fact that in the bloom of youth and in extreme old age her instinct discerned undiscovered genius in the two greatest builders of British imperial power."

Sarah was never a wit to the extent of many of

her contemporaries, but she was ever the mistress of the tart phrase, as for example when she observed, "If I could have walked out of this world, I would have departed long ago if only to get rid of so many tiresome people." In actual fact she certainly did not want to walk out of this world one minute sooner than she could help, for when, lying ill at the age of eighty, she heard the doctor whisper, "She must be blistered or she will die," she bellowed out, "I won't be blistered and I won't die." Whether Sarah was blistered or not on this occasion history does not relate, but she did not die until four years later. Miss Wedgwood has described her as "impossible but also incomparable," and in many ways she has proved as much of an enigma to posterity as she was to her contemporaries.



A PORTRAIT OF SARAH, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH, AFTER THE ORIGINAL BY SIR GODFREY KNELLER, WHICH IS OWNED BY THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON.



AN UNUSUAL VIEW OF WHITEHALL PALACE, PROBABLY DRAWN IN THE YEAR 1694. THE DRAWING IS AFTER LEONARD KNYFF, AND IS IN THE COLLECTION OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

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to the Duke in that it secured for him what may be termed the home front, but I sometimes wonder if that was really the case. She threw in her lot, and that of her husband, with the Whigs, yet had she been a better judge of character she would have realised that a Stuart monarch, even when that Stuart monarch was so feeble a creature as Anne, and the Whigs would never agree for long; and the result of this misreading of the situation was that when the Whigs went, Marlborough went too. Had Sarah not been such a violent partisan her husband might have been spared many of the humiliations to which he was subjected during the later years of the War of the Spanish Succession.

The author wisely makes no extravagant claims for the Queen, whom he describes as "intellectually

THE MYSTERY OF THE GREAT MINARET: THE REMARKABLE AND ISOLATED 12TH-CENTURY TOWER OF JHAM DISCOVERED IN UNEXPLORED AFGHANISTAN.

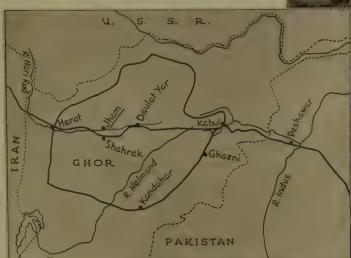
By ANDRE MARICQ, Former Member of the French Archaeological Delegation in Afghanistan, Chargé de Recherches of the National Centre of Scientific Research.

Photograph by M. Maricq. A definitive publication will appear under the title *Le Minaret de Djâm. La Découverte de la Capitale des Sultans Ghorides*, by André Maricq and Gaston Wiet, in the *Mémoires de la Délégation Archéologique Française en Afghanistan*, t. XVI.

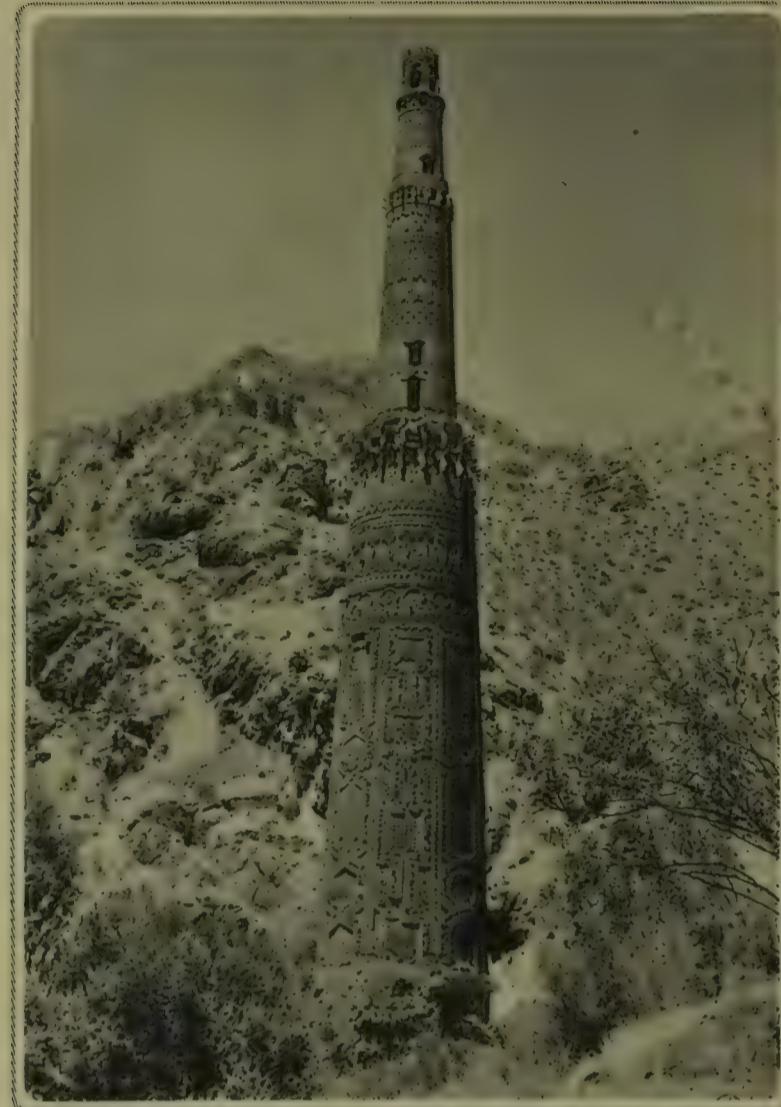
SEVERAL miles south of New Delhi there rises the familiar silhouette of the Qutb-minar, whose five stone-built storeys in the shape of truncated cones rise to 238 ft.; it is the largest minaret in the world. The lower stage was constructed by the Turkic General Qutb-ud-Din Aibak, little after his capture of Delhi (c. A.D. 1192), and he was then viceroy of the Ghurid sultans, the two brothers Mu'izz-ud-Din (Shahab-ud-Din), Mohammad Ibn Sam and Ghiyath-ud-Din Mohammad Ibn Sam, and he wrote their names and titles on his monument. The former, who was the younger, resided at Ghazni, the capital of the previous dynasty. But the seat of Ghiyath-ud-Din, the chief of the dynasty, was the ancient capital of the lords of Ghor, Firuzkoh. The Qutb-minar was an isolated example; no minaret was known which could have served as a model for its architect. Firuzkoh, whose name appears so often in the history of the Ghurids, had not been identified;

one had to be satisfied, for lack of a better, with a not very satisfying hypothesis formulated by Colonel Holidić, chief of the Russo-Afghan Boundary Commission of 1885. To the architectural problem and to the historical-geographical one alike, the discovery of the minaret of Jham affords a solution. The name of the minaret of Jham had reached Kabul some years ago. But it was only a name. We knew only that it stood in some part of the unexplored Ghor. But no one had been there. It was said to be very large. But no one had seen it. The opportunity for settling these points (for which I have to thank M. Ahmad Ali Kohzad, President of the Afghan Historical Society) arose when my stay in Afghanistan was nearing its end. I was anxious to refresh my memory of the inscriptions of Tanz-i-Anzao on the central road of Afghanistan, about 78 miles east of Herat. Such a trip would take me roughly into the region where the minaret might be found. I promised myself to undertake it. At this point a Swedish naturalist, Dr. Knut Lindberg, offered me a seat in his car and I left Kabul in his company. As soon as I had reached the basin of the Hari Rud, it was clear that the minaret of Jham was not one of those myths in which the East is so fertile. An old man knew it: it was, he assured me, of a prodigious height; it stood on the very bank of the Hari Rud, at a point where the road had swung away some 25 miles. Soon after, it appeared that Jham belonged to the Governor of Shahruk. When I had got there, I left my travelling companions and the car and proceeded on horseback, with a secretary of the Governor and a soldier, to rejoin, on the other side of a steep col, the course of the Hari Rud. We had left Shahruk about two in the afternoon. At 11.30 on the following morning, we were making our way through orchards of apricot trees which form Jham's chief crop; and on all the terraced roofs of the houses shone the gold and red of apricots drying in the sun. To reach the Hari Rud, we had to continue descending. (Continued above, right.)

(Below.) A SKETCH MAP OF AFGHANISTAN, SHOWING THE LOCATION OF JHAM. BOUNDARIES ARE SHOWN DOTTED AND PRINCIPAL ROADS IN A HEAVY CONTINUOUS LINE.

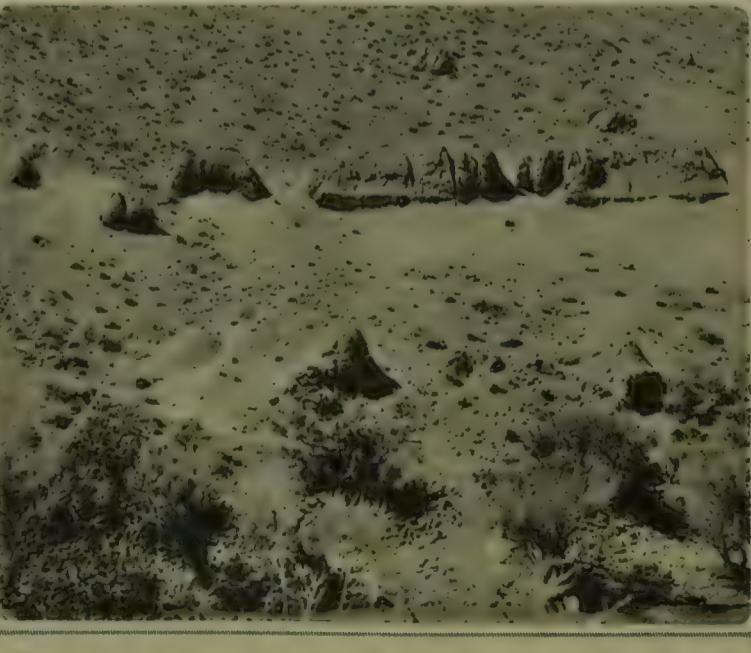


Continued.] the valley of the Jham River, which was in flood. At last, at a detour, rose up the minaret of Jham (the photograph shows it from the east). This sudden view of the minaret (August 19, 1957) filled me with an emotion as lively as that which I had felt, some weeks earlier, when I discovered the inscription of Kanishka, the first great monument of the language of Bactriana in the time of the Kouchans. My surprise was complete. The lack of descriptive power in those who were my sources of information was such that I had been expecting a ruin rather than an intact building, a large building certainly but imperfect, rather than a work of art. And the last few days during which I had been seeing man's works reduced to the most narrowly utilitarian scale, had certainly not prepared me for the discovery of a *monumentum* with all that that term implies of disinterested activity. The countryside was open; here, the torrent threw itself into the Hari Rud. At the confluence of the torrent and the river, in the midst of a circle of sombre mountains, there rose the golden silhouette of a colossal tower, heightened with a band of blue *kufic* (*kashi*). The precision of the proportions of the three receding stages prevented any suggestion of heaviness. Its profile irresistibly recalled that of the Qutb-minar of Delhi, which I had admired several months previously. The side of the first stage was entirely covered with decorative patterns, around which was wound a *Kufic* inscription. The rhythmic sense governing this decoration succeeded in making it appear simple. Four great bands of *Kufic* broke the thrust of the vertical elements and gave weight to the building. A true architectural description of the monument could only be undertaken by an architect with plenty of time and the necessary equipment. I could not pretend to either. I had already had difficulty in persuading my travelling companions to bivouac in this desert spot, to allow me to make a full photographic record. The monument rises from an octagonal base supporting three superimposed shafts, in the form of truncated cones. At the top of the first two stages projected balconies which are now destroyed, while the third is crowned with a lantern now lacking its cover. The length of the octagonal side of the base—about 111 ft.—has allowed M. J. Christophe to calculate that the diameter of the first shaft must have been about 26 ft. at the base and that the total height of the minaret is nearly 200 ft. To-day one gets into the minaret by an opening on the north. Thence one descends by the steps of a spiral staircase, turning round a central newel. This stair appears to continue below the surface of the ground, but is soon obstructed by rubbish. This fact and the absence of a visible entrance would seem to confirm the local tradition of a tunnel passing under the stream and allowing the minaret to be entered from the castle whose ruins still survive on the other bank of the river. More than 150 steps allow one to reach the level of the first balcony. The second is reached by five little lateral stairs of six steps each, leading to five landing vaults attached at the angle where they join the circular shaft by four masonry corbels. Beyond this there is no means of access. On my return to Europe, M. Gaston Wiet, Member of the Institute of France and Professor in the College of France, agreed to collaborate in the publication of this monument. He soon realised that the inscribed band of blue *kashis* gave a list of the names and titles of the greatest of the Ghurid sultans—"The magnificent sultan, the august King of Kings Ghiyath-ud-Din Abu'l-Fath, glorifier of Islam and the faithful, companion of the Emir of the faithful" (1163-1202). We have already seen this same Ghiyath-ud-Din, in whose reign the Ghurids conquered Delhi, named on the Qutb-minar. But while the first stage of the Qutb-minar dates from his reign, the minaret of Jham was entirely constructed in that reign. If we accept a hypothesis of Max van Berchem, it seems that the relationship between the two monuments is quite clear. The eminent Arabist had observed the striking analogy which unites the lower stage of the Qutb-minar with a funerary monument of eastern Iran, the Minar-i-Kishmar: both are alone in presenting the same alternation of angular and rounded flutings. This fact, together with others, suggested to him that the first stage of the Qutb-minar had been built as a funerary monument and that it was not till later, under Altamish, that this mausoleum served as a point of departure for the construction of the minaret. The discovery of the minaret of Jham fits in perfectly with this hypothesis: it provided the model, with its greater stature, for the inspiration of Altamish's architect who transformed the mausoleum into a minaret. The Qutb-minar is also "Tower of Victory." One can not doubt that this is likewise of the minaret of Jham, which is surrounded on all sides by the barrier of the mountains and which could hardly have served to call to prayer only the inhabitants of the neighbouring castle. We must therefore see in this grandiose monument the symbol of sovereign power of the immense empire of the Ghurids. But how can we explain the choice of site? Immediately it appears almost evident that the minaret marks the site of Firuzkoh, the capital of the Ghurids. On this hypothesis, the exploration of the region should provide a decisive confirmation by the discovery of the ruins of the town of Firuzkoh. But even now a series of converging indications, principally drawn from the study of the texts, shows that the region of Jham is that in which Firuzkoh must be sought, beyond the possibility of any doubt. (Other pictures and another account appear on page 58.)



THE HITHERTO UNKNOWN INSPIRATION OF DELHI'S QUTB-MINAR : THE MINARET OF JHAM. ON THE CLIFFS BEHIND ARE TRACES OF AN ANCIENT CITY.

UNTIL August 1957, the huge and beautiful minaret of Jham, in central Afghanistan, was unknown and certainly unphotographed until the visit described by M. Maricq on pp. 56-57. Within a year it was visited again (once more on the prompting of Mr. Ahmad Ali Kohzad), this time by Mr. Michael Alexander, whose investigations supplement those of M. Maricq. Mr. Alexander writes: "I was able to go there this summer (1958). But, unhappily, I also had very little time at my disposal owing to the fact that the horses I had borrowed were urgently required by their owners. If you approach down the fertile valley of the Jham, the first sight of the minaret rearing up at the end of a ravine is a memorable experience. Constructed of terracotta brick and elaborately decorated in high relief, it shoots skywards in three stages. Complicated designs and honeycomb panels are bordered with a text in Kufic script which, by the time it has scissored to its tortuous conclusion, has spelled out the whole of the nineteenth *sura* of the Koran, over 1000 words. . . . I entered the minaret, which is in a remarkable state of preservation, by a narrow aperture about 12 ft. from the ground, at which point the walls are 7 ft. thick and constructed of flat fired bricks, about 2 ins. high and 8 ins. square. A spiral staircase leads to a vaulted platform through which I passed to the second stage. Step-like bricks projecting from the side of the drum lead through other platforms and enabled me to climb to within a few feet of the top. Descending, I was surprised to find that I came [Continued below, right.]



FROM THE MOSQUE, ACROSS THE RIVER—REMAINS OF A CITY, INCLUDING, IN THE FOREGROUND, THE MOUTHS OF TWO OF THE WELL-CONSTRUCTED SEWERS.

THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED MINARET OF JHAM; AND THE RUINS OF 12TH-CENTURY FIRUZKOH.



LOOKING ACROSS THE SWOLLEN HARI RUD FROM THE FOOT OF THE MINARET. BEHIND THE TREES CAN BE SEEN THE REMAINS OF A DOMED BUILDING, PERHAPS THE JAMI MASJID.



"THE FIRST SIGHT OF THE MINARET REARING UP AT THE END OF A RAVINE IS A MEMORABLE EXPERIENCE." THE RIVER IS BLUE, AND THE TOWER HONEY-COLOURED WITH A BAND OF BLUE FAIENCE

Continued.] to a different aperture to that by which I had entered. It was twice as far from the ground ! I had to retrace my steps before I solved the mystery—*there were two spiral staircases*. It must have been an advanced architectural problem to fit them into so narrow a shaft . . . (Mr. Alexander then decided to investigate the ruins on the other side of the Hari Rud). . . . On the river bank opposite my point of crossing (I was forced to leave my camera behind owing to the strength of the current) I came upon the ruins of what seemed to have been a building with a circular dome. This may have been the Jami Masjid or 'collecting mosque' which is described in the chronicle as having been 'destroyed by a flood.' It is possible that the River Jham took its name from this. I climbed up rocks and banks of scree and reached a series of towers and walls following the contours of the hill. Could this have been the *kasr* or citadel of Firuzkoh, described as being 'an edifice, the like of which is not found in any country or in any capital—a *kasr* . . . with buttresses, balconies and tunnels, and of such configuration as no geometer has made manifest. Over that *kasr* are placed five pinnacles inlaid with gold . . . and also two gold *tumae* (mythical birds) about the size of a large camel. . . . ? The town itself, identifiable by rudimentary foundations and piles of stones, extended about 900 yards into the encircling hills. A large water cistern, well-built sewers, and the foundations of an arched bridge over a wide stretch of the river gave evidence of an effective civilisation. I picked up various pieces of attractively glazed pottery of pre-Mongol period. Whatever its name, this must once have been a place of power and beauty. Was I in fact standing in Firuzkoh, capital of the mountain kings ? . . . It would surely be worth mounting an expedition to find out more."



NOT REALLY A SURREALIST NIGHTMARE: THE CEILING OF THE NEW BEETHOVEN CONCERT HALL IN BONN, GERMANY. IT HAS BEEN SPECIALLY DESIGNED BY AN ACOUSTICS EXPERT: THE PERFORATED SPHERES ARE FILLED WITH GLASS WOOL.

The study of acoustics has led to some weird architecture, but rarely can a concert hall have taken on such a surrealist look as the new Beethoven Hall, now near completion in Bonn, Western Germany. The general design of the building is by Siegfried Wolzke, but the ceiling has been specially designed

by an acoustics expert, Professor Meyer. It looks like a belated contribution to the Geophysical Year, and consists of a pattern of pyramids, perforated semi-spheres and other shapes. The spheres are filled with glass wool, and the total effect is calculated to distribute the sound of an orchestra perfectly.



THE ROYAL LIVERPOOL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA IS SEEN, CONDUCTED BY MR. JOHN PRITCHARD, DURING A RECENT REHEARSAL OF A CONCERT AT THE PHILHARMONIC HALL, LIVERPOOL. MR. PRITCHARD WAS APPOINTED MUSICAL DIRECTOR OF THE ORCHESTRA TWO YEARS AGO.

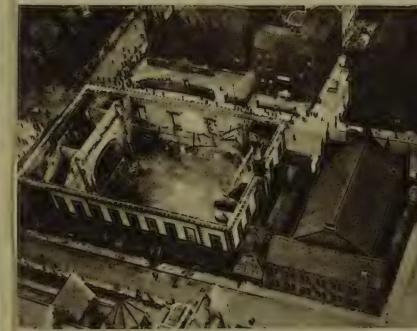
Photograph specially taken for "The Illustrated London News" by Houston Rogers.



FROM THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, SEPTEMBER 1, 1849: A DRAWING OF THE EXTERIOR OF THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERT HALL, AT ITS OPENING.



AN INTERIOR DRAWING OF THE PHILHARMONIC HALL AT ITS FIRST OPENING. IT WAS LATER DESCRIBED BY A CRITIC AS THE BEST IN EUROPE.



AN AIR VIEW OF THE HALL WHICH WAS PUBLISHED IN THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AFTER THE BUILDING HAD BEEN GUTTED BY FIRE IN 1933.



THIS IS THE LIVERPOOL PHILHARMONIC HALL AS IT IS TO-DAY, AFTER REBUILDING. ITS CONTEMPORARY MUSICAL CONCERTS HAVE ATTRACTED INTERNATIONAL NOTICE.

THE ROYAL LIVERPOOL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA: ITS CONTINUING SUCCESS AFTER MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED YEARS—AND ITS ORIGINAL AND PRESENT-DAY HALLS.

The Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Society was founded in 1840. Since then it has had a continuous and remarkable history. As may be seen in two of the drawings reproduced above, the Society got off to a fine start : by 1849 the first Philharmonic Hall was opened. The piano soloist at the opening was Charles Halle, and the Society still has his autograph. A terrible fire completely destroyed this original Hall in 1933 : a time of great national financial difficulty. But for the action of a vigorous committee led by

Mr. Ainslee J. Robertson, this might well have been the end of the Hall. Mr. Robertson's son James, however, is well known to opera audiences in London, and he kept the orchestra with their concerts going in other halls until he and his associates were finally able, by a remarkable act of faith, to build the present splendid Philharmonic Hall on the site of the original building. This was opened in the Society's centenary year, 1939, and was given to the City of Liverpool by the Society in 1942. The Corporation now maintains

the Hall but permits the Society and orchestra to use it as its permanent home for offices, rehearsals and concerts. The resident conductors have included Max Bruch, Sir Julius Benedict, Sir Frederick Cowen and Sir Malcolm Sargent. There has been great encouragement recently for the Society's vigorous and bold artistic policy. Two years ago John Pritchard, after being appointed Musical Director and Chief Conductor when aged thirty-five, brought into the Society's planning the vitality and elegance of style which

distinguishes his work at Glyndebourne, the Royal Opera House and the Vienna State Opera. In 1957 her Majesty the Queen graciously commanded that the prefix "Royal" be added to the title of the Society and orchestra. In 1958 the Queen conferred on both her personal patronage. This, in the case of the orchestra, is a unique honour. One of the best-known ventures of the Society has been the introduction of a scheme of Industrial Concerts for the exclusive enjoyment of shop- and factory-workers.

FROM BEVINDA TO THE "TRIMARAN": EXHIBITS AT THE BOAT SHOW.



ONE OF THE GRAND OLD MEN OF BRITISH YACHTING, MR. DAVID HILLYARD, THE SUSSEX BOAT-BUILDER, OPENING THE FIFTH NATIONAL BOAT SHOW AT OLYMPIA.



THE ALREADY POPULAR 26-FT. "ATALANTA" CLASS SAILING CRUISER, BUILT BY FAIREY MARINE LTD. SHE CAN BE TAKEN OUT OF THE WATER ON A SUBMERSIBLE TRAILER.



SEEN AT OLYMPIA FOR THE FIRST TIME: THE 12-FT. "TRIUMPH TRIMARAN", ON THE "BOATING ON A BUDGET STAND," BUILT BY PETER WEBSTER, LTD.



A SISTER-SHIP TO BELMORE, WHICH WAS THIRD IN THE NEW YORK-BERMUDA RACE: MEON MAID II, AN 11-TON OCEAN-RACER BY AERO-MARINE, OF EMSWORTH, LTD.



ON THE "BOATING ON A BUDGET" STAND, AND DESCRIBED AS THE CHEAPEST THOROUGHBRED RACING CRAFT: THE 11-FT. SAILING DINGHY "BRITISH MOTH."



BEVINDA, THE BIGGEST PLASTIC-HULLED BOAT IN THE WORLD (IT IS CLAIMED): A LUXURY CRUISER, POWERED WITH TWO 6-CYLINDER MERCEDES BENZ OM 326 DIESEL ENGINES.

The National Boat Show, which is sponsored by the *Daily Express*, opened at Olympia on December 31, and is to remain open until January 10. It is the fifth and is the biggest and most comprehensive yet staged. The opening ceremony was performed by Mr. David Hillyard, whose Littlehampton boat-yard has turned out hundreds of family cruisers during the last forty-five years.



INSIDE THE MAGNIFICENT GALLEY, WITH STOVE, SINK AND REFRIGERATOR, OF BEVINDA, BUILT TO A SPECIAL ORDER AND COSTING MORE THAN £30,000.

There are some 300 craft on show, ranging from ocean racers like *Meon Maid II* and *Vashti* and luxurious cabin cruisers like *Bevinda* (which was built to the order of a Dublin business man, and which has echo-sounder, automatic pilot and ship-to-shore radio telephone), to the tiny dinghies and runabouts of the "Boating on a Budget" stand.

A DIVIDED CITY IN A DIVIDED COUNTRY—VIEWS IN BERLIN.



WEST BERLINERS PHOTOGRAPHED NEAR "BAHNHOF ZOO," CLOSE TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS. IN THE BACKGROUND—A HUGE POSTER FOR THE FILM "WAR AND PEACE."



A NOTED FEATURE OF BERLIN, IN THE EASTERN SECTOR: THE CATHEDRAL—A BLEAK AND DESERTED VIEW, PHOTOGRAPHED AT MIDDAY.



WHERE EAST MEETS WEST: PART OF THE DIVIDING-LINE THROUGH THE CITY, WITH A NOTICE ANNOUNCING THE BEGINNING OF THE EASTERN SECTOR.



A VIEW OF POTSDAMER PLATZ, WHERE THE BRITISH, UNITED STATES AND SOVIET SECTORS BORDER EACH OTHER.



IN A WELL-KNOWN PART OF THE CITY: SOME OF THE 2½ MILLION WEST BERLINERS. THE KAISER WILHELM CHURCH (BACKGROUND) HAS BEEN LEFT UNREPAIRED AS A WAR MEMORIAL.

The British, American and French Governments, in replies to the Note sent to them by Mr. Khrushchev on November 27, recently rejected the Soviet proposal for turning West Berlin into a so-called "free city." In the British reply, published on December 31, blame for the breakdown of the post-war agreements on Germany was laid firmly on the Soviet Government. Meanwhile, Berlin remained a divided city, but a place where movement between East and West was relatively easy. Although a few thousand refugees crossed



EAST BERLINERS WAITING TO WATCH A CYCLE RACE, WHILE NUMEROUS POLICEMEN KEEP ORDER. THERE ARE JUST OVER ONE MILLION PEOPLE IN EAST BERLIN.

the border from East to West elsewhere (the risks being greater than in Berlin) in 1958, many more—over 119,000, in fact—were received in West Berlin during the year. Thus, some hundreds of people each day come into West Berlin. People crossing into the opposite sector are not officially allowed to make purchases there. For East Berliners, most goods in Western shops, in spite of an unfavourable black market exchange rate, are cheaper than in the Eastern Sector, but taking purchases home involves risks.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

A COLLECTION OF CHINESE PAINTINGS.

IN one of his books—I forget which—Mr. Arthur Waley, about a generation ago, told the story of the Chinese Prime Minister who lived from 1555 to 1636 and whose ambition was to discover a painting by the famous Wang Wei (698-759 A.D.), one of the chief ornaments of the T'ang Dynasty. After many years one was brought to him—and he fasted for three days before he felt worthy to look upon such a masterpiece. Not many of us in the West can claim so delicate a sense of connoisseurship, and I doubt whether even the Head of State in China to-day, whose poems, if it is possible to judge by translation, are well up to the standard set by many Emperors of the past, would feel justified in paying a similar tribute. But the point is, I think, that while we have no difficulty in accepting this story as true at least in essentials, no one, as far as I know, has ever dreamt of even inventing such a tale about a European Prime Minister; it would be considered no compliment but as proving merely that he was unfitted for his high position—a rather low-down slander put about by the Opposition with an eye on the next election.

It is, I am sure, extremely difficult for us to appreciate Chinese painting. One reason is that its technique is so different from ours—watercolour mostly on silk or on an unusually absorbent paper; so that the painter can have no second thoughts and the shadows to which we have so long been accustomed in Europe have no place; hence the surprise of the Chinese on first seeing a Western oil painting “why is it that Europeans have one side of their faces dirty?” Then—and perhaps more important because more fundamental—there is the whole philosophy behind most of it; a philosophy which was concerned less with man than with nature, but which, none the less, depicted nature as expressing a mood of the artist, so that—and this really does seem to be about the only possible way of rendering an obscure thought fairly plain—when you look at a Chinese landscape you find yourself not so much regarding it from the outside as belonging to it and walking about in it. There seems to be an extraordinary sense of intimacy about them. Besides all this there is the Chinese convention of looking down upon rivers and forests and mountains from a great height, the symbolism inherent in the representation of trees and birds and beasts (which can mean little to us unless we first soak ourselves in Chinese legend), and the fact that, except for a few exceptional paintings in the British Museum—one or two of them no less masterly than the finest paintings in the National Gallery—we have little or no opportunity of seeing really first-class Chinese works.

Nor had we, I must confess, when what remained of the New York collection of the late Mr. G. Del Drago was on view at a London auction

room last month, because I am well aware that no one suggested that these 150 paintings were extraordinary. The great majority were of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and there were among them a considerable number of what are generally known as “ancestor portraits,” which I am assured are held in small esteem by Chinese collectors, as they were painted during the centuries according to a well-established formula: full-face, seated on a chair, feet on a footstool, hands generally, though not invariably, crossed on the lap, features often hieratic rather than lifelike. They would be displayed at the time of the funeral and thereafter brought out and unrolled for a few days each New Year. That brings me to the great difference between our own customs and that of the Far East. Our habit is to hang up all our paintings on the walls; the Chinese connoisseur kept them rolled up until he wished to entertain his friends. What is more, he would set some aside to show to the average visitor, and others—particularly rare, subtle and delicate—for the

to compare them with their own period of European painting, roughly the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries—how very distinguished some of them can be by comparison with the work of our minor painters. So much for ancestors. With the other paintings, whether pure landscape, or with birds and beasts or with or without figures, whether carried out with brush or fingertip, or coloured or monochrome, or long hanging paintings or hand scrolls—that is, perhaps a foot high and 10 or 12 ft. in length—you find yourself in a world in which the balance between nature and imagination is so nicely poised that no man can tell where one merges into the other. The earliest, the best-known and the most subtle painting in the collection was without doubt the “Horse Drinking under a Pine-Tree” of Fig. 1. The inscription on it begins with the date 1321 A.D. and states that it was executed after a work by Chao-Po-Chiu (twelfth century). There are also the seals of the woman painter Kuan Tao-Sheng (1262-1321) and of her husband, Chao Meng-Fu (1254-1322). The latter, after the conquest of China by the Mongol Kublai Khan and the end of the Sung Dynasty, consented to come to court and serve the conqueror both as artist and administrator. He became famous in both capacities, and especially for his revival of the T'ang tradition of painting with its monumental forms and for his studies of horses, a subject of special interest to the nomad Mongols. The symbolism underlying this painting of the starving horse beneath the pine-tree eludes me if it is, in fact, a copy of a twelfth-century original; but there was a noted painter of horses, Kung K'ai, who refused to enter the service of the Mongols and painted a picture entitled “The Emaciated Horse” to symbolise the fate of those artists who refused to conform. (I have just noticed this in Mr. and Mrs. Burling's excellent book on Chinese Art.)



FIG. 1. “HORSE DRINKING UNDER A PINE-TREE.” THIS DELICATE FOURTEENTH-CENTURY CHINESE PAINTING IS INSCRIBED WITH THE SEALS OF TWO ARTISTS—KUAN TAO-SHENG AND CHAO MENG-FU, WHO WERE HUSBAND AND WIFE. (Ink and light colour on paper: 50 by 28 ins.)

favoured and specially sensitive few. None the less, in the best of these portraits one can scarcely fail to be struck by the quiet, serene dignity of the sitter; to be compared, in my opinion, with many of the figures of a fourteenth- or fifteenth-century Italian fresco or (making allowances for differences of technique) with those in a Byzantine mosaic. To the quite legitimate criticism that when you see forty or fifty of these portraits hung up together, as is inevitable for an auction preview, they all seem very much the same, the answer is that they were never painted to be hung *en masse* any more than were saints from the workshops of Florence and Siena.

What I found interesting was not their similarities but the very considerable differences in quality between them and—if it is really possible



FIG. 2. “TWO GIRLS GATHERING FLOWERS,” AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY PAINTING, UNSIGNED. BOTH CHINESE WORKS ILLUSTRATED HERE WERE RECENTLY SOLD IN A LONDON SALE-ROOM AS PART OF THE DEL DRAGO COLLECTION.

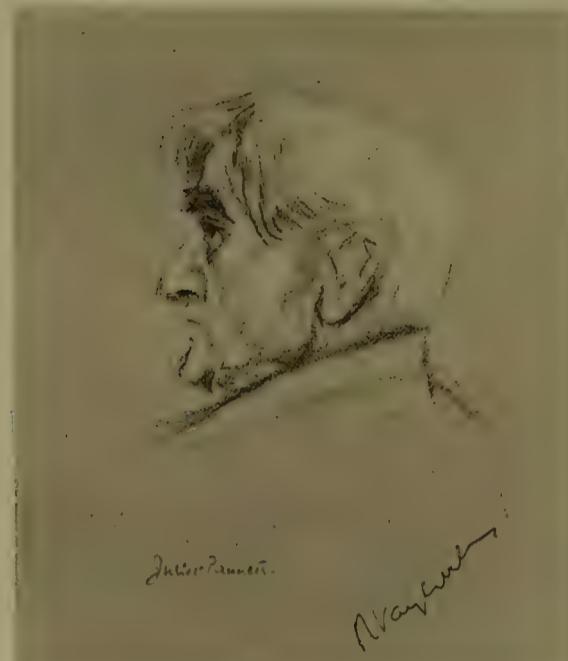
(Colours on silk: 44½ by 23½ ins.)

essential toughness of the Chinese, bending but not breaking beneath the fierce wind of the Mongol invasion? Fig. 2, not so fine but with an obvious appeal, is one of those pretty eighteenth-century dreams, as mannered as a ballet, which require no analysis; none the less, beautifully organised, with blue and red in hats and dresses, against the dark-brown background of the gnarled tree-trunk.

NEW ACQUISITIONS IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.



"BEATRICE WEBB, LADY PASSFIELD, 1858-1943" : A SIGNED PORTRAIT BY EDWARD SWINSON, DATED 1934. ONE OF THE NEW ACQUISITIONS. (Oil on canvas : 21 by 17 ins.)



"MARY RUSSELL MITFORD, 1787-1855" : A DRAWING OF THE NOVELIST, DRAMATIST AND POET BY JOHN LUCAS, SIGNED AND DATED 1852. (Chalk on paper : 15½ by 11½ ins.)



"SIR WILLIAM CHAMBERS, 1726-1797" : A MINIATURE OF THE ARCHITECT OF SOMERSET HOUSE BY JEREMIAH MEYER. (Water-colours on ivory : 1½ by 1½ ins.)

"RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, 1872-1958" : A SIGNED DRAWING OF THE COMPOSER BY JULIET PANNETT, DATED 1957.

(Chalk on paper : 11½ by 9½ ins.)



*John Locke by Sylvester Brownover
National Portrait Gallery, No 4061*



"THOMAS GAGE, 1721-1787" : A MINIATURE BY JEREMIAH MEYER OF THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN AMERICA BEFORE THE REVOLUTION.

(Water-colours on ivory : 1½ by 1½ ins.)



"EDWARD THE CONFESSOR, DIED 1066" : A PENNY STRUCK BY IOCETEL IN 1065. EDWARD THE CONFESSOR IS NOW THE EARLIEST PERSON REPRESENTED IN THE GALLERY. (Silver : ½ in. diam.)

"JOHN LOCKE, 1632-1704" : A SIGNED MINIATURE OF THE GREAT ENGLISH PHILOSOPHER, BY SYLVESTER BROWNOVER.

(Plumbago on paper : 4½ by 3½ ins.)



(Left.)
"GEORGE GILBERT AIME MURRAY, 1866-1957" : A PORTRAIT OF THE GREAT CLASSICAL SCHOLAR, POET, TRANSLATOR AND HUMANIST BY HIS GRANDSON, LAWRENCE TOYNBEE.
(Oil on canvas : 24 by 30 ins.)

(Right.)
"DAVID HERBERT LAWRENCE, 1885-1930" : A STRIKING PORTRAIT OF THE NOVELIST AND POET, BY JAN JUTA. ONE OF SEVERAL WORKS RECENTLY PURCHASED.
(Oil on canvas : 15½ by 12 ins.)



The National Portrait Gallery, 2, St. Martin's Place, London, W.C.2, now has on view its recent acquisitions. These include paintings, busts, miniatures, coins, medals and numerous drawings. Jan Juta's powerful portrait of D. H. Lawrence, painted in 1920, admirably depicts the character of the man, and Lawrence Toynbee's study of Gilbert Murray is another welcome addition. There are also good portraits of John Carr, the architect of Harewood House, and of Beatrice Webb. Sir Joshua Reynolds's fine

portrait of John Stuart, third Earl of Bute, has been exhibited previously. Among the sculpture there is a cast of Epstein's bust of Shaw, and a bronze cast of a death mask of Constable. One of the best of the drawings is the delicate and sensitive study of Vaughan Williams by Juliet Pannett. There is an interesting miniature of Locke, signed by him, and the Gallery has now plumbed a record depth into the past by acquiring two silver pennies of Edward the Confessor, dated 1065.



TO my great regret my plants of Christmas rose, *Helleborus niger*, were not in flower in time for Christmas. Perhaps if I had put cloches or some other form of protection over them they would have responded, and obliged. As it is, I am tantalised by dozens of small, tightly-furled white buds, clustering, almost stemless, in the centres of the clumps. This year the plants have produced an exceptionally strong crop of leaves, great, hand-shaped

protection over them they would have responded, and obliged. As it is, I am tantalised by dozens of small, tightly-furled white buds, clustering, almost stemless, in the centres of the clumps. This year the plants have produced an exceptionally strong crop of leaves, great, hand-shaped

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

CHRISTMAS ROSES

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

Slugs—and snails, too—flock to the feast, and may be seen next morning, dead, in a revolting flood of slime within a foot or so of the deadly bait.

There are several distinct varieties of Christmas rose in commerce. Some have all-white flowers, and some white flushed with pink—like apple blossom—and these are my favourites, though all are lovely. Some, too, have rather short stems, perhaps only 4 or 5 ins. long, whilst others, especially one called *Helleborus niger altifolius*, have flower-stems 9 ins. to a foot tall, which, of course, makes them particularly satisfactory when gathered for the house. And, of course, "gathered for the house" is the obvious destiny of Christmas roses. Gathered, and arranged in an appropriate vase or bowl, they are enchanting in a room at this time of year. And here let me make a suggestion. If the stems should be on the short side, as they often are, it is a good plan to take a shallow bowl, fill it to within half an inch of the brim with silver sand, fill almost to the brim with water, and "plant" the stems of the Christmas roses in this sand. This arrangement may be improved if the sand is covered with a layer of fresh green moss.

be left well alone. Being woodland plants in nature, or at any rate, lovers of cool aspects, it is best to plant them accordingly. Also they seem to enjoy lime in some shape or form. Having secured and planted one or more specimens, it is worth while watching the plants after they have finished flowering. With any luck it will be found that they are setting seed, and when this happens the seed should be collected, sown in a pot or a pan and kept in a cool, half-shady position. But care must be taken



THE "POTTER'S WHEEL" VARIETY OF CHRISTMAS ROSE, "ONE OF THE FINEST... THAT I HAVE EVER SEEN. THE FLOWERS ARE IMMENSELY BIG. I DARE NOT SAY FROM MEMORY HOW BIG."

leathery leaves, which should protect the expanding blossoms from both rain and splashed-up soil.

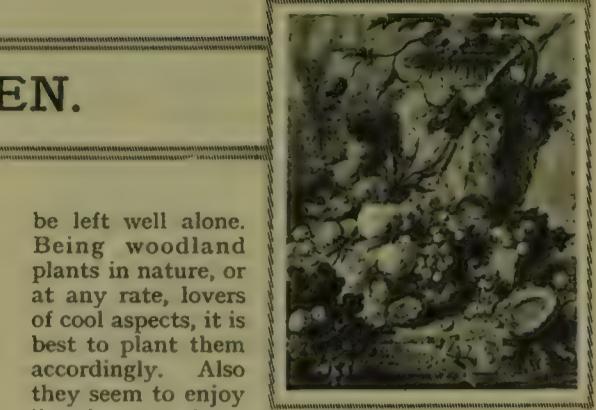
It is worth while giving one's Christmas roses another form of protection—against slugs. I do not know whether slugs are addicts in all parts of the country, but in my garden, at any rate, the devils are passionately fond of *Helleborus niger*, especially in the bud stage, and few garden casualties are more exasperating than Christmas rose flowers which, in the bud stage, have been nibbled to the quick by slugs, and open as ragged, tattered remnants. The remedy—or prevention, rather—is to destroy the slugs in good time before the buds have become large enough to put temptation in their way. Fortunately there are several slug poisons, proprietary dopes on the market. Ask your chemist or your horticultural sundriesman, and you will be safe in buying the poison that he recommends, and using it as directed on the packet.

A technique which I have found completely effective and satisfactory is founded upon Meta, which is what has been described as solid methylated spirit. It is sold in white tablets which burn exactly like methylated spirit. My own technique is to crush a couple of these tablets to powder, and mix them with a double handful of bran—which you can get quite cheaply from any corn merchant. Distribute this mixture—slightly moistened—in the places frequented by slugs and snails, and especially near the special plants on which these pests like to batten. Personally, I just scatter it about, but some folk recommend distributing it in small heaps. If the latter method is adopted, and if rain seems likely, it is a good plan to protect the little heaps by putting pieces of slate or tile or wood supported on stones to keep them half an inch or so off the ground. Whether it is the bran that the slugs like, or the Meta, I do not know. But I do know that the results next morning are highly dramatic and satisfactory.

One of the finest varieties of Christmas rose that I have ever seen is one called "Potter's Wheel." The flowers are immensely big. I dare not say from memory how big. At a guess I would say 5 or even 6 ins. across, and they are pure white. No lovely tinge or flush of apple-blossom pink, which I regret. But "Potter's Wheel" is a superb thing.

An expedition which for long I have promised myself is to visit the Christmas rose growing in the wild, with the object of hunting for specially good forms or varieties. Some years ago a friend of mine returned from a spring holiday in north Italy, and told me how in open woodland between Riva, on Lake Garda, and the little mountain town of Storo, he had seen Christmas roses growing in profusion. Alas, the dull dog had not brought me a single root; not a solitary seedling. And he called himself a gardener, and a friend.

Christmas roses are very easy to grow. They prefer a fairly stiff soil, and above all they like to



ANOTHER NOBLE VARIETY OF CHRISTMAS ROSE: *HELLEBORUS NIGER MACRANTHUS*, A TALL-STALKED KIND WITH SOMETIMES SEVERAL FLOWERS TO THE STALK. (Photographs by J. E. Downward.)

A SOLUTION TO EVERY GIFT PROBLEM.

THE gift of a subscription to *The Illustrated London News* is surely the ideal choice on the occasion of weddings and anniversaries of friends, relatives or business acquaintances at home or abroad. Fifty-two copies of *The Illustrated London News*, together with the magnificent Christmas Number, will be a continuing reminder of the donor and provide twelve months of interesting reading and the best pictorial presentation of the events and personalities of the day. For readers in the United Kingdom the simplest way is to place orders with any bookstall manager or newsagent; or a cheque or postal order may be sent to our Subscription Department. For readers outside the United Kingdom we suggest the simplest method is to buy an International Money Order (obtainable at post offices throughout the world) and send this with your requirements to our Subscription Department.

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that the seeds when ripe do not become scattered and lost—a thing which can very easily happen.

But in embarking upon a Christmas rose campaign—by raising from home-saved seed—it is well worth while making sure that your foundation stock—the parent plant—is one of the best varieties, such as *altifolius* or "Potter's Wheel." And I can not help feeling that there would be wonderful scope for careful crossing and selection with the object of raising improved varieties of Christmas rose, with larger flowers, longer stems, and, if possible, forms with truly pink flowers. The almost glacial whiteness of the ones we have is very lovely, but I feel very sure that a soft, clear pink form could be achieved, and would be immensely welcome. In the usually chilly surroundings and conditions under which our Christmas roses make their appearance, a flush of warm pink would be a grand reward for any plant breeder who could produce such a treasure.

**APPOINTED CHIEF OF THE DEFENCE STAFF: ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET LORD MOUNTBATTEN OF BURMA.**

The appointment of Lord Mountbatten as Chief of the Defence Staff was announced on December 30. For some time previously he had been regarded as the likely successor to Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir William Dickson in this position, which he will be taking over in July. Sir William Dickson is the first holder of the appointment of Chief of the Defence Staff, which was created under the defence reorganisation last July. As Chief of the Defence Staff, Lord Mountbatten will be responsible for tendering to the Minister of Defence, as the Minister's principal military adviser, the agreed

collective advice of the three members of the Chiefs of Staff Committee, and if they do not agree, will offer his own advice as well as their individual views. Admiral Sir Charles Lambe will succeed Lord Mountbatten in May as First Sea Lord and Chief of Naval Staff. Lord Mountbatten, who is fifty-eight, became First Sea Lord in 1955, and during the war was Chief of Combined Operations, founded the Commandos, and from 1943-46 was Supreme Commander, South-East Asia. He was later Viceroy of India, and from 1953-54 was British C.-in-C., Mediterranean, and C.-in-C., Allied Forces, Mediterranean.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

FROGS IN AND OUT OF HIBERNATION

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

IN the South of England, at least, the autumn has been very mild, and the last few days of 1958 have been spring-like. This does not mean the weather has been uniformly pleasant. We have had plenty of fog and a fair amount of rain, with occasional unwelcome floods, but there has been relatively little frost. The temperatures have been constantly higher than is usually the case when frogs come out of hibernation in February. Yet the frogs went into hibernation as usual, in spite of this.



A FROG EXPOSED WHEN IN HIBERNATION UNDER TUSSOCKS OF GRASS SHOWS DEFENSIVE ACTIONS WHEN DISTURBED. IT DISTENDS ITS BODY AND "COVERS UP ITS EYES WITH ITS HANDS" WHEN THE GRASS IN FRONT OF IT IS DISTURBED.

I find the use of this word hibernation particularly unsatisfactory; and the truth seems to be that this phenomenon, extremely well known in the more northerly latitudes, at least, is little understood, in spite of all the studies made of it. Certainly, what we do know of it makes the use of the word misleading. Hibernation means essentially to take to winter quarters, yet most hibernants go into their "winter sleep," to use an alternative term, around mid-autumn, and some leave their winter quarters in mid-winter or even sooner. And the common frog (*Rana temporaria*) is one of them.

Couch, writing in 1847, about frogs observed in Cornwall, wrote: "The period of greatest activity is in the depth of winter. This opinion is deduced from repeated observations from 1833 to the present year. In 1833 tadpoles were common in all the ditches and roadside pools as early as February; in 1834, 1835 to 1837 and 1843 the ova were generally observed as early as the 21st of December and in every year before the first of January . . . on several occasions the cold was so intense that masses of ova were enclosed in ice and frozen."

More careful tables compiled by Maxwell Savage and published in 1935 show that during the period 1926 to 1932, the earliest recorded emergence of frogs for south-west England was February 8. The latest for the same area was February 21. There is this also to be said, from the study of these tables, that the further north in Britain the later the emergence. This is by no means uniform but is sufficiently regular to suggest some rough connection between temperature and the time frogs leave the hibernaculum.

Even if we accept the situation and allow that a word honoured by usage should continue to be employed, even if by derivation it is misleading, there is a further cause of confusion. Warm-blooded animals that hibernate do so after a series of changes have taken place within the body. That is, there is preparation of a wholesale nature which takes place in anticipation of the onset of cold weather, but hibernation does not take place until the temperature drops below a certain level.

In cold-blooded animals hibernation seems more to be a matter of a sinking into a state of torpor with the lowering of the temperature of the surrounding atmosphere. But of the physiology of their hibernation little is known. According to Malcolm Smith, writing in 1951, when the temperature of the air "is lowered below a certain point

the normal processes of life are retarded. Muscular activity is diminished, digestion is slowed, respiration and heart-beats are reduced in frequency. The scarcity of food in winter is not the primary cause of hibernation."

Incidentally to the discussion, it is of interest to note how the use of a word determines our thinking. Malcolm Smith, who knew as much about frogs as anyone in this country, was well

the response to immediate threat, perhaps because my eyes were brought near to it, could be made, the frog was able to take defensive action.

It happened that, in mid-December, I was having some tufted grass scythed. Several frogs were exposed, sheltering under the matted grass. All were markedly yellow and motionless, with the limbs drawn into the sides of the body. My daughter decided that she would photograph the next one that was exposed. There it lay, snug in the grass, its limbs drawn into the body, apparently in hibernation, certainly quiescent. To expose the frog more clearly to photograph it, my daughter smoothed the grass in front of it. Immediately the frog distended its body and brought the front legs over its head, as if shielding its eyes with its front feet. Both these are defensive actions.

This, it would seem, is an essential difference between a hibernating frog and warm-blooded animals hibernating. The latter, if disturbed, either remain fully asleep or only slowly awake. Frogs seem to be "winter-sleeping" with one eye open, so to speak, and ready to take such feeble defensive action as they are able.

I had heard it said that frogs, when alarmed, will "cover their eyes with their hands, as if to protect them." This was the first time I had seen it. It is, of course, not a matter of covering the eyes, but of a reflex action that gives an appearance of a protective action. In this instance, it seemed to be accompanied by a state of catalepsy, for when turned on its back the frog remained motionless and rigid, with the hands still over the eyes.

It cannot be pretended that these few observations add very much to the story of hibernation, yet they are suggestive of two things. First,



THE FROG STILL HOLDS ITS DEFENSIVE ACTION, WITH ITS "EYES COVERED WITH ITS HANDS," EVEN WHEN TURNED ON ITS BACK. THE BODY REMAINS DISTENDED AND THE LIMBS ARE RIGID AS IF IN A STATE OF CATALEPSY.

Photographs by Jane Burton.

there seems to be a distinct difference between the autumn-winter behaviour of warm-blooded animals and that of cold-blooded animals. Secondly, it seems that hibernation is not so much a response to cold weather as a yearly rhythm which can be influenced by temperature. Hibernation can also be an individual thing. We have four tame hedgehogs, living out-of-doors, under precisely the same conditions. One hibernated in mid-October, two hibernated a month later, and the fourth went to sleep several days later.

SOME RECIPIENTS OF THE NEW YEAR HONOURS.



APPOINTED COMPANION OF HONOUR: SIR JOHN BEAZLEY. Sir John Beazley, Emeritus Professor of Classical Archaeology, University of Oxford, has been appointed Companion of Honour for services to scholarship. He has been a Professor of Classical Archaeology for over thirty years.

APPOINTED COMPANION OF HONOUR: SIR KENNETH CLARK. Sir Kenneth Clark has been Chairman of the Arts Council of Great Britain since 1953. His other posts have included Director of the National Gallery, and Slade Professor of Fine Art, Oxford. He has written many books on art.

AWARDED THE O.M.: VISCOUNT ALEXANDER OF TUNIS. Field Marshal Viscount Alexander is one of Britain's most distinguished soldiers and statesmen. Since the war he has been Governor-General of Canada and Minister of Defence.

DESIGNATED A KNIGHT BACHELOR: MR. AUBREY BURKE. Mr. Aubrey Burke is Deputy Chairman and Managing Director of the de Havilland Aircraft Co., Ltd. He is also President of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors. During the war he worked with Lord Beaverbrook on aircraft production.

DESIGNATED A KNIGHT BACHELOR: MR. JOHN LAING. Mr. John Laing, who is seventy-nine, is President of John Laing and Son (Holdings) Ltd., the firm at present constructing England's huge £15 million London-Yorkshire motorway. He is active in youth work and a member of the Christian Brethren.



DESIGNATED A KNIGHT BACHELOR: MR. EDWARD PODÉ. Mr. Edward Pode has been Managing Director, the Steel Company of Wales Ltd., since 1947. Aged fifty-six, he has spent much of his life in the steel industry, and is on the Executive Committee of the British Iron and Steel Federation.

CREATED A BARON: SIR JAMES TURNER. Sir James Turner is President of the National Farmers' Union of England and Wales. He is also a director of Lloyds Bank and a member of several councils companies and corporations associated with agriculture. He is 51.



CREATED A BARON: SIR WILLIAM ROOTES. Sir William Rootes formed Rootes, Ltd., in 1919, and is now Chairman of Rootes Motors, Ltd., and its associate companies. He is also Chairman of the Dollar Exports Council and other trading organisations. He is 64.



(Left.) DESIGNATED A K.B.E.: MR. GEORGE GARDNER. The Director of the Royal Aircraft Establishment, Farnborough, Mr. George Gardner, has been designated a K.B.E. During the Second World War he held a high post in the Ministry of Aircraft Production. He is 55.



(Right.) A KNIGHT BACHELOR: MR. ALEC GUINNESS. A popular New Year honour is the knighthood for Mr. Alec Guinness, the actor, who has won a wide reputation for his versatility. His films include "Kind Hearts and Coronets" and "The Bridge On the River Kwai."



A LOSS TO POETRY: THE LATE MR. EDWIN MUIR.

Mr. Edwin Muir, the poet, autobiographer, translator and critic, died on January 3, aged seventy-one. As a poet he made his reputation late in life, and as a man was always retiring and gentle. He was born in the Orkneys and later became a clerk in Glasgow. He taught for the British Council abroad, and more recently was a visiting professor at Harvard. His autobiography first appeared in 1940.

APPOINTED FIRST SEA LORD: ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES LAMBE.

Admiral Sir Charles Lambe, C-in-C, Mediterranean, is to succeed Lord Mountbatten as a Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty, First Sea Lord and Chief of Naval Staff from next May, the Admiralty announced on Dec. 30. He is 58, and before his appointment in the Mediterranean—where he is also N.A.T.O. Commander-in-Chief, Allied Forces—was 2nd Sea Lord and Chief of Naval Personnel. From 1953 to 1955 he was C-in-C, Far East.

SIR ALLEN BROWN: HIS NEW POST IN LONDON, AUSTRALIA'S DEPUTY HIGH COMMISSIONER.

Sir Allen Brown arrived on December 29 to take up his new post as Australia's Deputy High Commissioner in London. He takes over from Sir Edwin McCarthy. Since 1949 Sir Allen has been Secretary of the Prime Minister's Department, and has been to London several times with Mr. Menzies. Before the war he practised as a lawyer but, becoming a public servant, has never returned to his former career.

ANGLO-EGYPTIAN FINANCIAL CLAIMS: MR. EUGENE BLACK, LEAVING LONDON FOR CAIRO.

Mr. Eugene Black, President of the World Bank, who was invited by the British and Egyptian Governments to act as intermediary in seeking a settlement of the financial claims arising from the Suez operation, left London—after spending a few days here—for Cairo on December 31. An Anglo-Egyptian settlement appeared probable after his early talks in Cairo with the Egyptian Minister of Economy, Dr. Kaissouny.

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THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.



OLD FRIENDS

By J. C. TREWIN.

WILFRED DENVER, Peter Pan, the Sleeping Beauty: there is a trio of old friends to meet in the last days of the dying year. Let me begin with Wilfred Denver who, I feel, is much less known than the others: indeed, any playgoer of the post-war generation who can identify the man at once is a playgoer indeed—



WILFRED DENVER (JOHN BAILEY) AND CISSY DENVER (WENDY BLACKLOCK) IN A SCENE FROM THE REVIVAL OF "THE SILVER KING," THE NINETEENTH-CENTURY MELODRAMMA BY HENRY ARTHUR JONES AND HENRY HERMAN, WHICH OPENED AT THE PLAYERS' THEATRE, VILLIERS STREET, ON DECEMBER 23.

someone, that is, who does not believe that the English stage was born last night. I wonder occasionally what these dear people with a contempt for the past will be saying thirty years on. Do they applaud their new masterpieces only to discard them at once, or will they admit in 1989 that, three decades before, there was some vague glimmer of an English theatre, rising from the primeval mud?

I imagine that, to any up-to-the-minute men, blotting out the past behind them as they go, "The Silver King" will not be even a name. To others it may be a vague, rudimentary sketch on the wall of a cave. By modern standards, of course, it is often comic, but it has its place in the history of the drama, and collectors meet it with delight. Audiences at the Players' Theatre, where it is in revival, greet it with another brand of delight as just one of those dim, ancient melodramas that must be uncobwebbed now and again, mocked, and thrust back. But the company at the Players'—though naturally it has to yield from time to time—does not jeer shamelessly at the old piece. Several of the performances are sincere and downright. When laughter in the house suddenly fades, we realise that knowing fellows in the audience have been caught; that, for a moment, the dramatist's contrivance has held them. It is always amusing to observe this, and it happens more than once during the Players' evening.

When I met "The Silver King" first, the drama (ostensibly by Henry Arthur Jones and Henry Herman) was nearly fifty years old, and some stock company audiences would still receive it with respect and excitement. More than twenty years later, acted quite "straight" in a London suburban theatre, it just got by. Today, in an adapted version, which means that it has been cut (by Maurice Browning) and interspersed with "melos" (Peter Greenwell at the Players' pianoforte), it has become a curiosity. I fear it has gone too far to be pulled back, so this is in effect

an obituary notice of what has been called "in reasoned and critical opinion, the classical melodrama of the nineteenth century."

Henry Arthur Jones, at the request of Wilson Barrett, wrote nearly all of it: Henry Herman was the faintest of collaborators. Its first night, at the Princess's in November 1882, was a fantastic triumph in the melodramatic mood. Matthew Arnold went to see it in the December and wrote of it as "a sentimental drama in which the diction and sentiments do not overstep the modesty of nature. In general, in drama of this kind, the diction and sentiments, like the incidents, are extravagant, impossible, transpontine; here they are not." That reads oddly in 1959, and it will puzzle visitors to the Players'. But it deserves to be remembered as the waters close over "The Silver King." I am sorry that Mr. Browning's version has cut the heart out of the celebrated show-piece, Wilfred Denver's Dream. At least, when I heard the play, I cannot remember that John Bailey—who was acting Denver firmly—"saw a hand coming out of the sky, a long, bony hand with no flesh on it, and nails like eagle's claws.... It came slowly out of the sky, reaching for miles, it seemed, slowly, slowly, it reached down to the very place where I was, and it fastened on my heart."

The telescoping of this version means that the melodramatic incidents are forced together with a ludicrous effect that must make even a traditionalist laugh. And, strenuously though I endeavoured—as one should—to think myself into the spirit of 1882, I could not accept that dear, loyal, generous and intolerable successor to Old Adam, the faithful retainer Jaikes ("Ah, Master Will, I can just remember your great-great-grandfather"). But there were excellent performances by Mr. Bailey, Prunella Scales and Michael Darbyshire. I noticed, too, that nobody laughed at Denver's famous line, "Oh, God! Put back Thy universe and give me yesterday!"

a line that, unknown to Jones, had had a predecessor in Heywood's
 O God! O God!
 that it were
 possible
 To undo things
 done—to call
 back yester-
 day—
 That Time would
 turn up his
 swift sandy
 glass,
 To untell the days
 and to redeem
 the hours...

and earlier, in Shakespeare's

O call back yesterday, bid time return...

In our own period we have T. S. Eliot's lines from "The Cocktail Party":

O God, O God, if I could return to yesterday
 Before I thought that I had made a decision.

"The Silver King" will never return to yesterday;

but we should bid it farewell with the respect reserved for an old friend. (It is—an odd final note—the only play by Jones to have been produced in France.)

"Peter Pan," twenty-two years younger than "The Silver King," shows no hint of fading, even though someone or other, year by year, delivers a furious assault upon it. But we cannot destroy "Peter Pan," for, at its heart, when we have got through all the theories about its origin, there is evidence enough that Barrie knew what a child liked and what children would continue to like. Annually, and with enjoyment, I watch the demolition squads fall away from "Peter Pan," defeated. Its address, second to the left and straight on until morning, is—as usual now—the Scala Theatre. Sarah Churchill is acting Peter without any kind of false mannerism: courage shines through her, and the children love her. The rest of the cast—John Justin and Julia Lockwood, for example—can do what is needed, and the cynics trail off moodily to compose quite useless acidities for next Christmas.

"The Sleeping Beauty," at the Palladium, is called with simple truth "a fairy tale retold." Certainly, I do not believe that the original has anything about a visit to Paris—unless we can take that as a tribute to Perrault—or any episode in "the Wizard's Hide-Away on Misty Mountain." And what are we to make of the curtain to the first half, with its appearance of a stage-coach from the Wild West? I don't think it matters what we make of it. Robert Nesbitt, the director, knows very well that at this season audiences go to the Palladium to gasp at spectacle, however



IN THE HOUSE UNDER THE GROUND: PETER PAN (SARAH CHURCHILL) AND WENDY (JULIA LOCKWOOD) IN THE PRODUCTION OF THIS OLD FAVOURITE WHICH OPENED AT THE SCALA THEATRE, W.I., ON DEC. 23.

irrelevant, and to laugh at slap-about comedy. There is plenty of gasping now, and plenty of laughter as well, so what else can one say (except that the cast is led by Charlie Drake, Edmund Hockridge and Bernard Bresslaw)?

One thing, perhaps. Early in the proceedings, Charlie Drake, who is a King, and Mark Singleton, who is a pastrycook, confront each other in a kitchen. There they proceed for ten minutes to plaster each other with dabs of what looks like coloured sugar-icing. They do not trouble about finesse or careful sparring for position. Plonk follows plonk, and while the house sways in delirium, we realise that we are watching one of the oldest Christmas friends of all.

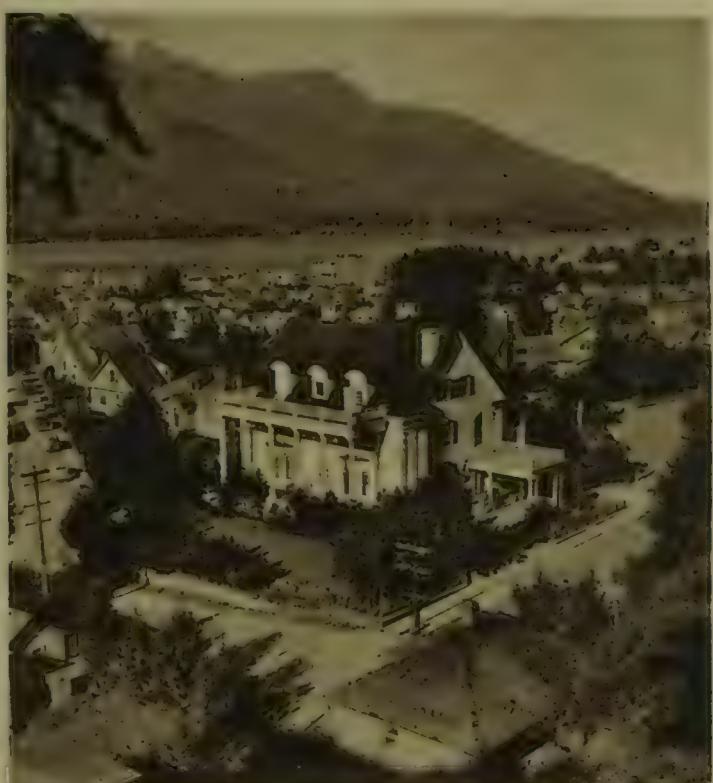
OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE LONG AND THE SHORT AND THE TALL" (Royal Court).—Robert Shaw heads the cast of a play by Willis Hall. (January 7.)
 "EIGHTY IN THE SHADE" (Globe).—Dame Sybil Thorndike and Sir Lewis Casson—who have just celebrated their golden wedding—return to the London theatre in Clemence Dane's first play for some time. (January 8.)

ALASKA PROCLAIMED THE 49TH STATE OF THE UNION; AND A NEW FORM FOR "OLD GLORY."



THE LEADING PORT IN SOUTH-EASTERN ALASKA: KETCHIKAN, WHICH HAS A POPULATION OF SOME 7500 AND IS THE NEW STATE'S LARGEST PULP AND LUMBER CENTRE. IT IS SITUATED ON AN ISLAND.



THE CAPITAL AND CENTRE OF GOVERNMENT: JUNEAU (POP. 7100), ALSO IN THE SOUTH-EAST. IN THE FOREGROUND IS THE GOVERNOR'S MANSION.



AT THE CEREMONY IN WHICH HE PROCLAIMED ALASKA THE 49TH STATE: THE PRESIDENT DISPLAYING THE NEW VERSION OF "OLD GLORY."



THE CAPITAL WHEN ALASKA WAS RUSSIAN TERRITORY BEFORE THE PURCHASE OF 1867—SITKA, ON BARANOF ISLAND. IN THE BACKGROUND, MOUNT EDGECUMBE, AN EXTINCT VOLCANO.



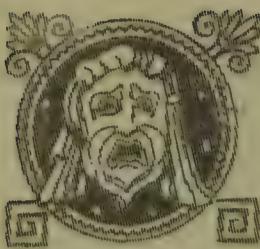
ALASKA'S SECOND LARGEST CITY, SEEN FROM THE AIR: FAIRBANKS, WHICH LIES AT ABOUT THE CENTRE OF THE LAND-MASS. ITS POPULATION HAS GROWN RAPIDLY OF RECENT YEARS.

On January 3 President Eisenhower signed a proclamation admitting the new State of Alaska to the Union—the first ceremony of its kind since the entry of Arizona and New Mexico in 1912—and also authorised the new forty-nine-star flag, which will come into official use on Independence Day in July. In the new flag the forty-nine stars are arranged in seven staggered rows of seven each, which makes for a diagonal effect. Alaska was discovered by Bering

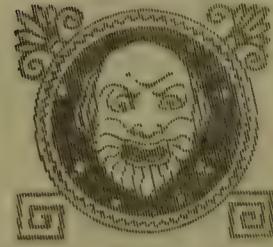
in 1741 and first settled in 1784. Until 1867 it was Russian territory. In March of that year it was purchased by the United States for 7,200,000 dollars, or about 2 cents an acre. This deal was known as "Seward's Folly." The first steps towards statehood were taken in 1912, but it was not till July 7 last year that the President signed the bill. The new Senators and Representative of the State were to be sworn-in at the opening of the 86th Congress on January 7.



THE GOVERNOR OF ALASKA, MR. MICHAEL A. STEPovich (APPOINTED BY THE PRESIDENT IN JUNE 1957), LEAVING THE GOVERNOR'S MANSION WITH HIS WIFE. HE IS THIRTY-NINE AND WAS BORN NEAR FAIRBANKS.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.



THINGS PAST AND TO COME

By ALAN DENT

IT vexes me a little, and saddens me more, to observe—on reading reviews of the year by my learned colleagues in film-criticism—that I seem to have entirely missed some of the most exciting pictures in the year 1958. It is positively remiss of me, for example, not yet to have seen the new Russian rendering of "Don Quixote," and I ought certainly to have gone out of my way to see this and write about it since the Don is played by that gigantic creature and superb actor, Cherkassov—so memorable in "Alexander Nevsky." Perhaps I hesitate to go because I expect too much? I expect to see those Daumier canvases turned into a motion-picture!

Accident rather than remissness prevented me seeing or writing about the Italian film "Cabiria," the Indian film "The Unvanquished," something called "The Unknown Soldier" which was made in Finland, and "The Throne of Blood," a Japanese version of "Macbeth"; and all four of these rank high in the prize-lists of the critics who matter most. I seem, on the other hand, not to have missed—whether by choice or chance—the very best things that came to us from France, Sweden, and Poland. These include Clouzot's striking and valuable film about the greatest of living artists, "The Picasso Mystery"; two haunting and beautiful near-masterpieces by Ingmar Bergman, "Wild Strawberries" and "The Seventh Seal"; and the Polish film of the war as it struck Warsaw, "Kanal," a film which only those, like myself, who have visited Warsaw since the last war can realise to be quite unexaggerated in its horror and force.

But an even greater work of art than any of these seemed to me to be the Russian film called "The Cranes are Flying," a simple yet deeply human and devastating account of a young girl's life laid in ruins by the war which took her young husband away from her. Since the same thing has happened to millions of households in every country engaged in war, the theme must be called commonplace. But this film—thanks to a brilliant sincerity of direction and of acting—worked the

belongs to 1957; "The Vikings," which merely struck me as childish, or at least schoolboyish; and "Dunkirk"—an honourable attempt at something practically impossible, something too like

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE



REX HARRISON AND KAY KENDALL AS JIMMY AND SHEILA BROADBENT IN "THE RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE" (M.-G.-M.). Of his latest choice Alan Dent writes: "Rex Harrison and Kay Kendall, man and wife in private, play together glitteringly as man and wife in 'The Reluctant Debutante,' a streamlined high comedy adapted by William Douglas Home from his own eminently successful play of the same title. The writing is smooth, the direction by Vincente Minnelli is even smoother, and the playing—of this leading pair particularly—has a positively mink-like quality of supreme smoothness. The film had its first public showing in this country at the Empire on Boxing Day."

by Sidney Poitier and Tony Curtis, as a coloured man and a white man joined by fetters; "I Was Monty's Double," a very well-made account of one of the war's most amazing and triumphant deceptions; and "A Night to Remember," a film recounting the loss of the *Titanic* in 1912 and closely following Mr. Walter Lord's famous book on the subject. This last film had several major pieces of acting—and one minor piece which I find that I recall far more easily than some much more expanded performances: George Rose's performance as the ship's baker who chose to finish a whole bottle of whisky before plunging to what he thought was certain death and turned out to be rescue and safety. This is a little humorous gem of a performance which I inadvertently omitted to note in my review.

At the very end of the year came two well-contrasted delights over Christmas—"The Reluctant Debutante" and "Secrets of Life," the latest example in Walt Disney's "True Life Adventure" Series. The first is a sparkling "daffy" comedy, adapted by William Douglas Home from his own play, showing the lengths to which an English mother can or could go towards getting a daughter or step-daughter "brought out" and married before the season is quite over. The obstinate girl falls in love with a drummer in the band. But the drummer, well and sulkily played by Italian-looking John Saxon, turns out to be, after all, an Italian. . . . Oh, well, it is not very hard to guess how Mum's face is saved! Kay Kendall and Rex Harrison as the parents—she unflagging and he flagging most amusingly—give continuous pleasure, and the wit both of action and of word is considerable. The new Disney is mainly concerned with procreation among the denizens of ponds and culminates rather inconsequently with an almost alarming close-up of a volcano in action. But it is packed with interest, and blissfully free from over-facetious comment.

The New Year? The very first thing that ought to be done is to revive H. G. Wells's "Things to



A SCENE DURING THE SURPRISE DENOUEMENT OF "THE RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE": FATHER AND DAUGHTER (JANE, PLAYED BY SANDRA DEE) STAND BY AS SHEILA BROADBENT SHAKES HANDS WITH DAVID PARKSON (JOHN SAXON), WHOM SHE HAS OPPOSED AS JANE'S SUITOR.



JANE BROADBENT, WELCOMED BY HER FATHER AT LONDON AIRPORT ON HER ARRIVAL FROM AMERICA, MEETS HER STEPMOTHER FOR THE FIRST TIME: ONE OF THE EARLY SCENES FROM "THE RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE."

miracle of transforming the banal into the absolute. The performance of the young girl herself, by a new young actress of great range and high emotional quality, Tatiana Samoilova, seemed to me the most exciting of the year. Not very far after it I should place Ingrid Bergman's playing of the heroic missionary-heroin of "The Inn of the Sixth Happiness" which is perhaps, on the whole, the most satisfying English film of the year.

With somewhat mixed feelings I learn that the three films which made most money in British cinemas during 1958 were "The Bridge on the River Kwai" (a wonder film—but it strictly

total war to be screenable. Hardly less successful, I feel sure, were "The Defiant Ones," an extraordinarily exciting story of a prison-break made

Come"—a vision which seemed just fantastic when it first came out, and something much more possible-seeming and disturbing when it was last revived, in the autumn of 1939. Should we not now find its rocket-gun for missiles into outer space a familiar rather than a fantastic phenomenon? And would we not all realise—what I often think—that there is something impious as well as insane in these scientific aspirations? For example, is not the attainment of the burnt-out, dead old moon a vastly less noble ambition than the betterment—not to say, the salvation—of the blessed, live old earth? This film might, even now, teach us to believe so.

OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

"THE REMARKABLE MR. PENNYPACKER" (20th-Century Fox. Generally Released: January 5).—Clifton Webb as a remarkably successful bigamist who supports, or is supported by, two families, quite distinct and quite large.
 "BELL, BOOK AND CANDLE" (Columbia. Generally Released: December 29).—James Stewart as a patient but bewildered husband who discovers that his beautiful wife, Kim Novak, is a witch in disguise.
 "THE SQUARE PEG." (Rank. Generally Released: January 5).—Norman Wisdom, that extremely popular comedian—with everyone except film-critics—in an extremely broad farce about life in the British Army.

THE NEW YEAR; THE SMALL WORLD; AND OTHER TOPICAL ITEMS.



THE OLD YEAR OUT, THE NEW YEAR IN... CROWDS OF REVELLERS SWARMING ROUND THE STATUE OF EROS IN PICCADILLY CIRCUS, TO WELCOME THE NEW YEAR.

On a night which was fine, dry and relatively warm, London celebrated the passing of the Old Year and the coming of the New in the usual ways, but with rather more fervour and in considerably greater comfort, than usual. Watchnight services at St. Paul's and St. Martin-in-the-Fields were attended by large congregations; and crowds packed into Trafalgar Square



AT THE "GOLDEN JUBILATION" BALL, THE CHELSEA ARTS BALL ON ITS FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY, AS HUNDREDS OF DANCERS IN COSTUME SCRAMBLED FOR THE BALLOONS.

and Piccadilly Circus and brought traffic to a complete standstill. The Chelsea Arts Ball, celebrating its fiftieth birthday, took as its theme "Golden Jubilation," and Mr. Feliks Topolski was in charge of the décor. The floats were on a 10-ft. stage and so escaped destruction, and, indeed, the crowd was less rowdy than for many years.



CROWDS GATHER ON CRANE BEACH, BARBADOS, TO WELCOME THE CREW (RIGHT) OF THE SMALL WORLD AFTER THEIR ADVENTUROUS JOURNEY FROM TENERIFE.

The crew of the balloon *Small World* came safely ashore in Barbados on January 5. Nothing had been heard of them for nineteen days. They left Tenerife on December 12, drifted 1800 miles by balloon and sailed the last 1200 miles in the balloon's gondola.



THE CREW ARRIVING: L. TO R.—MR. A. B. EILOART, MRS. MUDIE, MR. MUDIE AND MR. T. EILOART. (Photographs by radio.)



THE NEW FLAGSHIP OF THE UNION CASTLE LINE, THE 28,500-TON PENDENNIS CASTLE, WHICH LEFT SOUTHAMPTON ON NEW YEAR'S DAY ON HER MAIDEN VOYAGE TO CAPE TOWN. SHE CARRIED MORE THAN 4000 TONS OF CARGO AND 735 PASSENGERS.



AT THE SERVICE OF BLESSING OF THE UNDERCROFT AND CHAPEL OF THE CROSS OF THE NEW COVENTRY CATHEDRAL ON DECEMBER 31: TRUMPETERS OF THE 16TH/5TH, THE QUEEN'S ROYAL LANCERS SOUNDING A FANFARE.

ENGAGEMENTS; AND
NOVELTIES FOR NAVY,
HOSPITAL AND RAILWAYS.



MR. CHRISTOPHER CHATAWAY WITH HIS FIANCÉE, MISS ANNA LETT. MR. CHATAWAY, THE OLYMPIC ATHLETE AND TELEVISION PERSONALITY, HAS KNOWN MISS LETT, WHO IS A TELEVISION PRODUCER, FOR TWO-AND-A-HALF YEARS. BOTH ARE TWENTY-SEVEN.



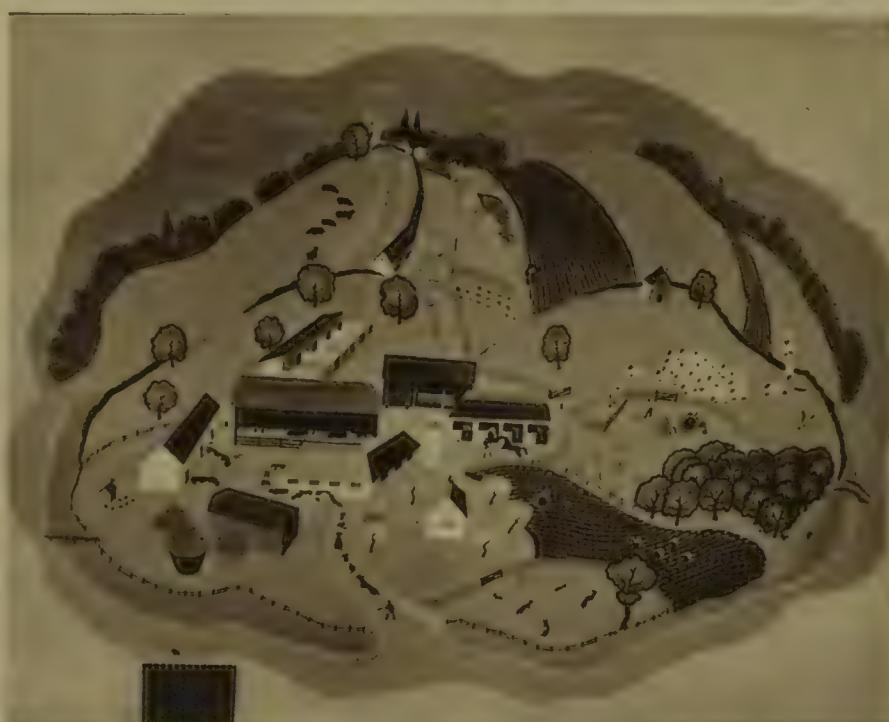
THE WELL-KNOWN BALLERINA SVETLANA BEROISOVA IS TO MARRY ON JANUARY 23. HER FIANCÉ IS MOHAMMAD MASUD KHAN, A HARLEY STREET PSYCHO-ANALYST. SHE IS TWENTY-SIX; HE, THIRTY-FOUR.



A FEW HOURS BEFORE MR. CHATAWAY'S ENGAGEMENT WAS ANNOUNCED, TWO MORE SPORTING PERSONALITIES, MR. CHRISTOPHER BRASHER AND MISS SHIRLEY BLOOMER, ANNOUNCED THEIRS. HE IS AN OLYMPIC GOLD MEDALLIST; SHE, A TENNIS STAR.



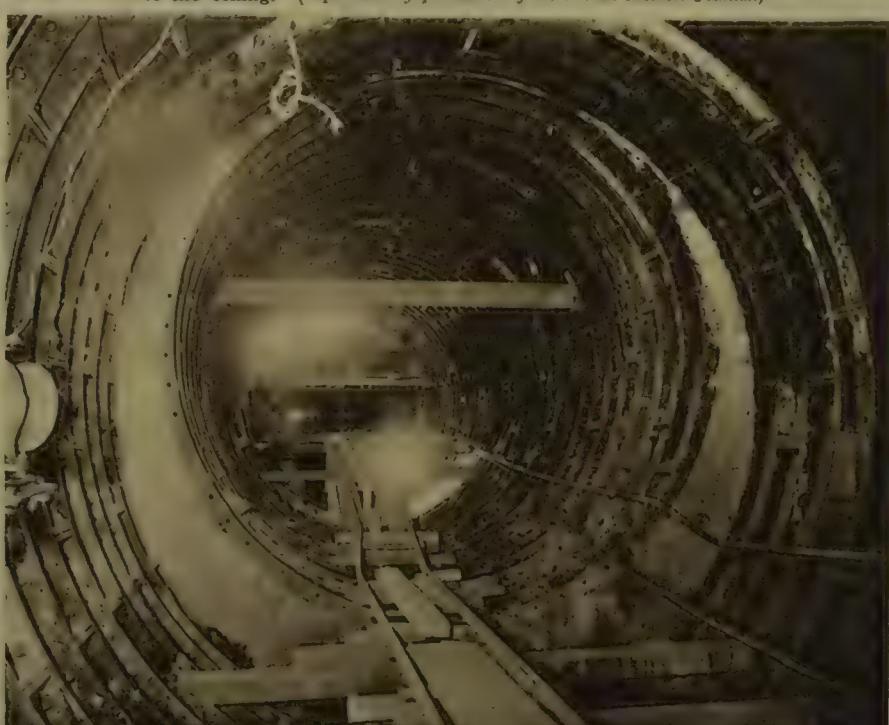
H.M.S. BRAVE BORDERER, THE NEW FAST PATROL BOAT, ON PRELIMINARY TRIALS AT PORTSMOUTH. IT HAS BEEN BUILT BY VOSPERS LTD., FOR THE ROYAL NAVY. H.M.S. *Brave Borderer*, a Royal Naval Fast Patrol Boat of the "Brave" class, is believed to be the first warship of any navy in the world to have a Service speed of more than 50 knots. Her sister-ship has also been launched.



THE CEILING OF THE ANÆSTHETIC ROOM AT THE CHELSEA HOSPITAL FOR WOMEN. THIS EXPERIMENTAL PAINTING IS DESIGNED TO ALLEVIATE THE ANXIETY OF THE PATIENTS. A welcome attempt has been made by the Chelsea Hospital for Women to make less nerve-racking their patients' time in the anæsthetic room. The gay painting above occupies the greater part of the ceiling. (Reproduced by permission of the British Medical Journal.)



THE FIRST STEEL INGOT PASSES THROUGH THE NEW HEAVY ROLLING MILL AT CORBY, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE. THE HUGE JOB OF INSTALLATION WAS DONE IN TEN DAYS. At Stewarts and Lloyds' Steel Works, Northants, a new heavy rolling mill has been installed. In ten days, 400 men worked day and night, moved 3300 tons of machinery and laid the foundations of this new mill. It will increase capacity by 500,000 tons of steel a year.



THE NEW "TRAVOLATOR": WORK IS IN PROGRESS ON THE NEW UNDERGROUND TUNNEL AT WATERLOO STATION WHICH WILL EVENTUALLY CARRY BRITAIN'S FIRST MOVING PAVEMENT. A 300-ft. tunnel, 16½ ft. wide, has been driven between the Bank platform of the City underground line and the London Transport platforms. This will soon contain a twin-track "Travolator," a moving pavement which will convey passengers at a rate of 1600 in two minutes.

AT HOME, ABROAD AND THE STRATOSPHERE: PROJECTS AND EXPLORATIONS.



PROFESSOR A. C. B. LOVELL, DIRECTOR OF JODRELL BANK, WITH THE SCALE MODEL OF PIONEER I, THE AMERICAN "MOON"-ROCKET. BEHIND HIM IS THE HUGE RADIO-TELESCOPE.

Professor Lovell, Director of Jodrell Bank Experimental Station, has been personally presented with a scale model of the American "moon"-rocket *Pioneer I* by American scientists. It is to commemorate the services of Manchester University in the first exploration of outer space. Since then the Russians have launched their rocket into orbit around the sun.



THE MODEL OF ANOTHER MOON-ROCKET. IN AN EXHIBITION AT PRAGUE, THIS MULTI-ENGINED MISSILE IS CALLED A "SOVIET MOON STRATOPLANE."

While the Americans were still celebrating their achievement in launching *Pioneer I* 80,000 miles towards the moon, the Russians succeeded in sending a rocket past it, into the orbit of the sun. It is not known whether the model here, a "Soviet Moon Stratoplane," is of the successful missile.



ANOTHER RUSSIAN VENTURE, ON EARTH THIS TIME: MR. MIKOYAN, THE RUSSIAN DEPUTY PRIME MINISTER, WITH A POLICE GUARD ON HIS ARRIVAL IN NEW YORK.

As the Russian rocket was by-passing the moon, Mr. Mikoyan, Russia's First Deputy Prime Minister, arrived in the United States "on holiday," closely protected by police guards. It is understood that, as a trade expert, he will discuss trade relations between the two countries. He is the most senior Russian statesman to make such a visit.



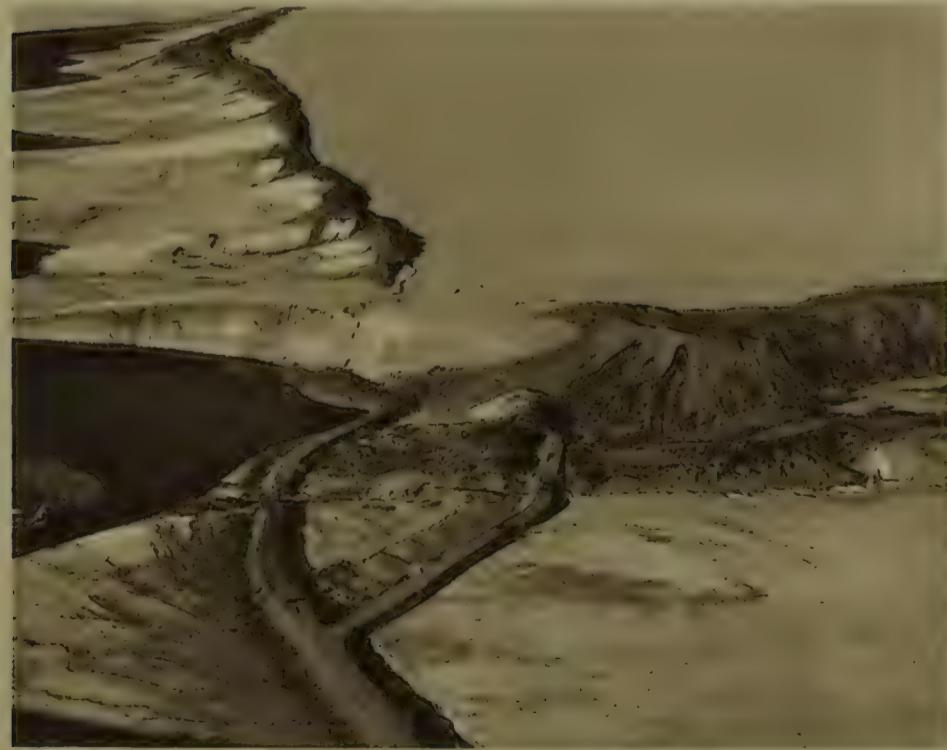
THE LARGEST LIFTING SPAN BRIDGE TO BE BUILT IN ENGLAND FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS: WORK IN PROGRESS ON THE ISLE OF SHEPPEY. THE OLD BRIDGE IS IN THE FOREGROUND. The 120-ft. lifting bridge now under construction at Kingsferry will replace the old toll bridge, built fifty-four years ago, connecting the Isle of Sheppey with the Kent mainland.

In the past the island has frequently been cut off owing to damage to the bridge.



A VIEW SHOWING PROGRESS IN THE BUILDING OF THE NEW AMERICAN EMBASSY IN GROSVENOR SQUARE, EXPECTED TO BE COMPLETE THIS AUTUMN.

The building of the new United States Embassy is going ahead rapidly. The new Embassy is being built to the design of the American architect Eero Saarinen; and Yorke, Rosenberg and Mardall, of London, are the associate architects.



TUNNELS UNDER THE ARCTIC ICE: AN AERIAL VIEW SHOWING ROADS ON THE ICE LEADING TO THE U.S. ARMY'S EXPERIMENTAL ICE TUNNELS.



A VIEW INSIDE ONE OF THE ICE CAVERNS MADE BY MEMBERS OF THE U.S. ARMY CORPS OF ENGINEERS.

Long tunnels under the Arctic ice have been made as part of a research scheme organised by the Snow, Ice and Permafrost Research Establishment, Wilmette, Illinois. Ice tunnels could be used for storage, transport and even residential purposes.

As a child in the hills of India, tropical storms were my private delight. The clouds boiling up from the over-heated plains, tinged with the dust which they had caught up in their rise and the lightning flashing below, filled me with a delicious awe; the feeling of someone who sees a venomous snake dash his head against the glass of the reptile house and spatter it unavailingly with his venom. One knew (or at least one's nanny knew) the exact moment at which to get one back into the house, where, in the safety of one's bed, one could listen snugly to the thundering of Jove, the unending lightning and the rain, which was as if one had opened the belly of the heavens with a zip fastener. For me, therefore, storms have thereafter always meant the tropical storms of my youth. I have now been corrected by an admirable book by an old friend of mine (I must, as the parliamentarians say, "declare my interest" in this matter), *STORMS*, by John Fisher. Mr. Fisher, who combines in an odd concatenation, being the yachting and the diplomatic correspondent of a famous group of newspapers, writes as agreeably as one could wish. I read his book in bed, and as he tells the stories of the night the Eddystone Lighthouse fell in 1703, or the Great West Indies Hurricane in 1780, or the dispersal of Nelson's fleet after Trafalgar, one's inclination is to snuggle down more comfortably under the bed-clothes and in imagination "stand four-square to all the winds that blow." As I say, curl up with this book with the curtains drawn and the wind howling in the chimney and thoroughly enjoy it.

It was, I gather, a storm of rain and wind which enabled Casanova, the first of whose *MEMOIRS*, translated by Arthur Machen and dealing with his Venetian years, now appears in English, to make one of his delightful conquests in an open chaise. A friend gave me "Boswell in Search of a Wife" as a Christmas present, but I found Casanova wittier and less direct than Boswell and far less earthy than, shall we say, any of the Elizabethans. Not, indeed, that he does not live up to the popular conception of him. This incredible young man, who almost, as was said of the great little Lord Shaftesbury by Dryden, "in the course of one revolving moon, Was chymist, fiddler, statesman and buffoon," lived on to a fine old age in Bavaria. For those who are interested in uninhibited and delicate eroticism, this book—which, I gather, is the first of a series—will naturally be of interest, but like his contemporary, Boswell, or his great English predecessors, Pepys and Aubrey, the main interest in the book lies in the splendid picture it gives of the eighteenth century. Casanova's conquests are unending and finally, as in all matters of this sort, become a trifle wearisome in the telling, but the intelligence and the wit with which he describes the political and/or ecclesiastical world in which he moves is fascinating.

The ecclesiastical world in which Casanova moved was not very different from that in which Cardinal Wolsey grew up and waxed great. That is to say, the spiritual played a small part beside the temporal in the lives of great churchmen, and the theological was, by mutual acceptance, less important than the political or the diplomatic.

An American writer, Charles Ferguson, has written a life of Wolsey under the title, *NAKED TO MINE ENEMIES*. Modern American scholarship is pertinacious and exhaustive and the results are occasionally a little exhausting, but if one can steel oneself to irritating mannerisms such as "My Lord of York" or "My Lord of This" or "My Lord of That," the reader will find this an excellent book.

A LITERARY LOUNGER.

By E. D. O'BRIEN.

The picture it gives of Tudor England and all that nasty, rapacious, lustful, mean—and great—race, the Tudors, is an admirable one.

"Oh, how such foolish things would be forgot were it not for roving and maggottie-headed people such as I!" wrote John Aubrey (I quote from memory and without the book). Personally, I am a sucker for odd information and therefore welcome with delight *THE GUINNESS BOOK OF RECORDS*. I am delighted to learn that the lowest recorded score on an eighteen-hole course is 55, a record put up by A. E. Smith, the Woolacombe professional, on January 1, 1936! The longest innings at cricket was that of Hanif Mohammed, who in a Test match in Barbados batted for 16 hours 13 mins.! That Captain A. L. Morales, on his horse *Huaso*, is the holder of the official world high jump record at 8 ft. 1½ ins., and that the last man to be hung from the yard-arm was Marine Private John Dalinger, who was suspended from the yard-arm of H.M.S. *Leven*, on the China Station, on July 13, 1860. Incidentally, I can give the compilers of this book a record for their chapter on Judicial Records. This is the fact

BOOKS REVIEWED.

STORMS, by John Fisher. (Adlard Coles; 15s.)
THE MEMOIRS OF CASANOVA, translated by Arthur Machen. (Elek Books; 30s.)
NAKED TO MINE ENEMIES, by Charles Ferguson. (Longmans; 25s.)
THE GUINNESS BOOK OF RECORDS. (Guinness Superlatives Ltd.; 10s. 6d.)
THE SKI RUNS OF AUSTRIA, by James Riddell. (Michael Joseph; 35s.)
CLIMBING THE FISH'S TAIL, by Wilfred Noyce. (William Heinemann; 18s.)
GROUP SHOOTING AND MANAGEMENT, by Richard Waddington. (Faber and Faber; 30s.)
MIZMAZE, by Mary Fitt. (Michael Joseph; 13s. 6d.)
THE WEATHER FAMILY, by Edgar Mittelholzer. (Martin Secker and Warburg; 18s.)
THE UNSPEAKABLE SKIPTON, by Pamela Hansford Johnson. (Macmillan; 15s.)

that the last person to be sentenced to be hung, drawn and quartered for high treason was my great-great-uncle, William Smith O'Brien, after his ludicrous rebellion in 1848 which ended with the battle of "Widow Maginty's cabbage garden." When Queen Victoria, horrified by the gory details, commuted the sentence to transportation for life, William Smith O'Brien refused to accept this clemency, maintaining that either they must carry out the sentence or he must be given a free pardon. A special Act of Parliament had to be passed to get him sent to the Australian colonies.

Mr. James Riddell, that brilliant skier and unorthodox wartime soldier (he ran the British Mountain Warfare School in the Lebanon) now spends his winters in the most agreeable way possible—i.e., examining the ski-ing possibilities of each Alpine country in turn. His new book, *THE SKI RUNS OF AUSTRIA*, is as good as its predecessors, and that is saying a lot. How these Alpine resorts have changed! Obergurgl, for example, is apparently easily accessible by road from the valley and is well-equipped with ski-lifts and the like. When I last went there, something over twenty years ago, there was a five-hour climb on skins with avalanche tapes tied to

one's heels, and every yard one came down one had to climb up. But the soft-snow skier, such as we all were in those days, can still, it is clear from Mr. Riddell's book, find unlimited scope in Austria. Any skier who has not yet arranged his winter holiday and who wishes to go to Austria will find "The Ski Runs of Austria" a must.

I read mountaineering books with the same vicarious thrill as I get from listening to storms when snugly tucked up in bed. Mr. Wilfred Noyce was a member of the 1953 Everest Expedition and wrote an excellent book about it. He now produces a description of climbing what he considers to be the most difficult and spectacular mountain he has ever been on. This is in his new book, *CLIMBING THE FISH'S TAIL*. The mountain in question, Machapuchare, is 22,958 ft., and in the event they got within 50 ft. of the summit before a blinding snow-storm defeated them. I think it will be a long time before anybody produces as good a book about mountaineering as "Annapurna," but Mr. Noyce's new book, beautifully illustrated and excellently written, runs "Annapurna" pretty close.

Nowadays I personally find that a steep grouse moor provides all the mountaineering I want. The grouse is an extraordinary bird and its mysteries and its habits are examined very satisfactorily by Richard Waddington in *GROUSE SHOOTING AND MANAGEMENT*. The average shooting man may be a little surprised by his thesis that "grouse driving, in the modern sense, is every bit as artificial as shooting hand-reared pheasants." But it is difficult to quarrel with the argument with which he supports this statement. This is that nature in her grand design envisaged a grouse population of one bird for every fifteen acres of moorland. The modern owner of a grouse moor wants a bird per acre and with feeding and protection from vermin, hopes to achieve this artificial result. Shooting men will find much food for debate, having read a book which makes me hope that some of my grouse-moor-owning friends will allow me to cross their minds in, say, about June or July!

Last week I mentioned my admiration for the great ladies of the "Whodunnit" world—Mesdames Christie, Marsh and Sayers—and I should, of course, have added two others—Margery Allingham and Mary Fitt. Miss Fitt has entertained us this week with a first-class Whodunnit, *MIZMAZE*. I am an unorthodox reader of Whodunnits—that is to say, that as soon as I am satisfied that all the *dramatis personæ* are on the stage I like to select my criminal and then look up the end of the book to see if I am right, filling in the middle later. I am glad to say that I spotted what my five-year-old son would call "the baddy" fairly early on, but found Miss Fitt's ingenuity and dramatic skill in the centre section of the book wholly pleasing.

I am always a little put off when a book is presented to me with the menacing title of "A Bold Novel," but nevertheless Mr. Edgar Mittelholzer's new novel, *THE WEATHER FAMILY*, rides triumphantly above the threat of its blurb. I am not sure that I should have found "The Weather Family" very cosy, but their story is well told and the characters concerned are convincingly drawn.

Finally, there is Miss Pamela Hansford Johnson's *THE UNSPEAKABLE SKIPTON*. Miss Hansford Johnson is one of those authors who, while they seldom scale the heights, can be relied on never to plumb the depths. A good, sound, workmanlike novel with a touch of humour all of its own.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

WHEN "Hastings" started—which, to a chessplayer, means the Hastings Chess Congress—a handful of scientists had tinkered about with radio waves but I doubt whether anybody in the world had glimpsed what radio would come to mean.

"Aviators" still meant nothing. "Aeronauts" yes—people who went up in balloons (and sometimes came down without them).

Motor-cars were just around the corner but (where's my reference copy of "1066 And All That"?) had to be preceded by a boy with a bell or something.

It was 1895 when they organised the first tournament at Hastings. They invited Tchigorin from Russia, Emanuel Lasker and Von Bardeleben from Germany and massive old Steinitz—and dogmatic old Tarrasch.

Twenty-year-old Harry Pillsbury came and whacked them all. "The pride and sorrow of chess" is a title they gave to Morphy. Pillsbury earned it, how much more pathetically! A germ picked up in a night of "pleasure" in Moscow soon after killed him stone dead within ten years. To-day his sickness would be curable—another instance of the changes these years have brought; indeed, the advances in medical science might well be considered the most sweeping in their effect of all, for how could anybody think and live as we do to-day, knowing he would probably be dead by forty?

Well, Hastings, not disease, was my theme. Whilst radio and T.V. and psycho-analysis have come in and pneumonia has gone out; whilst we have worked up from the penny-farthing to the Sputnik (I might almost add, as a double wonder, the eclipse of the pound sterling and its re-emergence into sunshine); throughout two earth-shaking wars and occasionally almost as unpleasant peaces, Christmas after Christmas, thirty-four times in all,

people have sat down at Hastings with thirty-two bits of wood between them and wracked their brains to move them just a little more cleverly than the other fellow.

What is the Hastings Chess Congress? What composes it? Not the organisers. When I first attended, dear old H. E. Dobell was still running things—he had been a member of the original 1895 committee. You could say then "A congress run by Dobell." But he departed long ago and the job has passed through many hands since. The players have changed like the shapes of a cloud. The venue has been altered frequently: I'm told the original building has been demolished. A few years ago, they staggered the Russians by telling them they were playing with the original 1895 pieces; but frankly I suspect that, as publicity-gone-over-the-edge. The game even, has changed; Steinitz would be baffled beyond belief by manoeuvres accepted as routine to-day. The spectators? Well, Sir George Thomas tells me he was there in 1895, and he's among us yet.

"You must look in at Warefridges and Harrogroves when you go up to Town, Penelope," says grandma, "Such a nice shop." The whole concern has changed hands twenty times since she was last there; not a line sold then could be found there now; the entire personnel has been replaced, from general manager to office-cleaner; the building was burnt down thirty years ago and rebuilt (apart from its complete facelift with new plastic lighting last year). It's still Warefridges and Harrogroves and in some intangible way the reactions of the average man and woman to the name may have changed less than anything else about it.

Then *The Illustrated London News*. No two issues in 116 years have been the same in any but the most trivial respects, but everyone has been *The Illustrated London News*.

Are we driven back, as so often, to semantics? Are intangibles the most real things of all? To countless chess players throughout the world, Hastings' Chess Congress is more of an abiding reality than the Nelson Column.

AN UNUSUAL HOUSE PET: THE EUROPEAN BEECH-MARTEN.



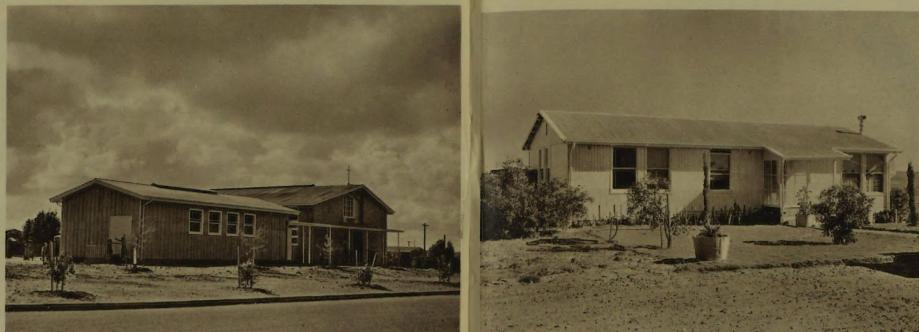
(1) SNIFF, THE PET BEECH-MARTEN, IS AN INQUISITIVE ANIMAL AND LOVES TO INVESTIGATE HIS MASTER'S CLOTHING. HERMANN SULZEMOOS, SNIFF'S OWNER, IS A GERMAN PAINTER WHO LIVES ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF MUNICH. (2) SNIFF GIVES A COMMANDING LOOK. HIS MASTER FREQUENTLY TAKES HIM FOR WALKS IN HIS NATIVE WOODS. THE BEECH-MARTEN IS FOUND THROUGHOUT SOUTHERN EUROPE. (3) SHOWING HIS DISTINCTIVE WHITE BREAST LIKE A BADGE OF RANK, SNIFF TAKES UP ONE OF HIS FAVOURITE POSITIONS. (4) NO NONSENSE ABOUT SPECIAL FOOD. HE SHARES HIS MASTER'S MEALS. (5) LIKE MOST HOUSEHOLD PETS HE LIKES NOTHING MORE THAN HAVING HIS THROAT TICKLED. HE INSISTS ON PRIDE OF PLACE, EVEN AT MEALTIMES. (6) AS PLAYFUL AND AS ENERGETIC AS A KITTEN, SNIFF MUST ALWAYS BE ON TOP. THE BEECH-MARTEN IS REPUTED TO BE A BLOOD-THIRSTY ANIMAL, BUT THIS DOES NOT SEEM TO WORRY HERR SULZEMOOS. (7) LUNCHTIME FOR SNIFF. (8) IF HIS MASTER IS NOT AROUND, SNIFF WILL BEGIN WITHOUT HIM. ANYTHING SHINY IS IRRESISTIBLE.

A German painter, Hermann Sulzemoos, has a most unusual house pet, a European beech-marten called Sniff, who has become completely domesticated and taken charge of his master's house on the outskirts of Munich, in Germany. The beech-marten (*Martes foina*) is a member of a family which includes the polecat and the English weasel. It measures about 18 ins. in length and is of a greyish-brown colour, with a distinctive white throat. It is to be found throughout Southern Europe, where it has a reputation for being exceedingly

blood-thirsty. In spite of this, Sniff's predatory activities are confined to tearing up silver paper and gnawing at the buttons on his master's clothes. In other respects he is quite harmless, and has an engaging devotion to Herr Sulzemoos, who frequently takes him into his native woods on a lead. Indoors Sniff has become the boss, and insists on sharing his master's meals. His curiosity is insatiable, and every article of clothing, cutlery and furniture is minutely examined. The beech-marten is frequently referred to as a stone-marten.



BUILT BY MEMBERS OF THE SMALL COMMUNITY LIVING AT WOOMERA : THE UNITED PROTESTANT CHURCH.



ANOTHER PLACE OF WORSHIP IN WOOMERA VILLAGE : THE SIMPLY-DESIGNED ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, IN FRONT OF WHICH SAPLINGS HAVE BEEN PLANTED.



A WARM WELCOME FOR FEATHERED VISITORS TO THE VILLAGE : FEEDING SEAGULLS, WHICH FLY OVER 100 MILES FROM THE COAST TO VISIT WOOMERA VILLAGE.



AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE VILLAGE, SHOWING THE VAST EXPANSE OF DESERT STRETCHING AWAY TO THE EAST.



A MAP SHOWING WOOMERA AND, IN THE SHADeD AREA, THE POSITION OF THE 1250-MILE RANGE, ONE OF THE LONGEST OVERLAND RANGES IN THE WORLD.



WOOMERA'S RECREATIONAL FACILITIES : GAMES OF TENNIS IN PROGRESS ON THE COURTS. THERE IS ALSO A GOLF COURSE.

In the midst of the vast, barren desert of South Australia there has sprung up a tiny outpost of civilisation—Woomera village. The inhabitants are members of the team who are developing new missiles on Woomera range, and their families. In spite of its remoteness, Woomera village is equipped with many amenities, and these include an air-conditioned school, a small hospital—soon to be replaced by a new one, with 44 beds—a golf course with “greens” of

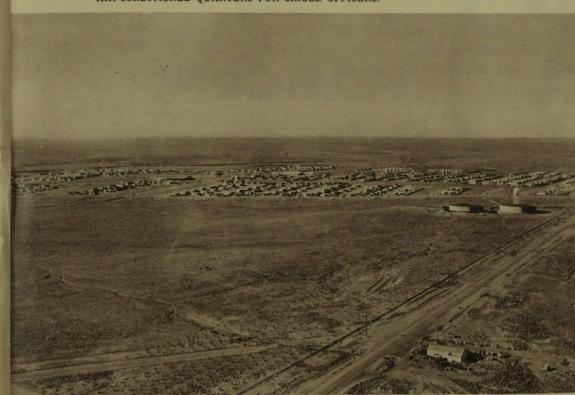
oiled sand, and three churches. As can be seen from the photographs, there are also tennis courts, a swimming-pool and an up-to-date store. Water for this little community of about 3500 people is brought by pipe from Port Augusta, over 100 miles away. At night the road outside the village abounds with kangaroo, as can be seen from one of the photographs. The animals are attracted by the warmth, the road retaining its daytime heat more than



A PLEASING WOOMERA RESIDENCE, WITH ITS WELL-KEPT GARDEN : AIR-CONDITIONED QUARTERS FOR SINGLE OFFICERS.



THE ANGLICAN CHURCH WHICH, LIKE THE OTHER TWO CHURCHES, WAS ERECTED BY INHABITANTS OF THE VILLAGE.



A VIEW SHOWING TWO WATER TANKS AND, NEXT TO THE ROAD, THE PIPE CARRYING WATER FROM PORT AUGUSTA.



A KANGAROO CROUCHING BY A NOTICE GIVING WARNING ABOUT HIS FRIENDS AND RELATIVES WHO CROWD ON TO THE ROAD AT NIGHT.

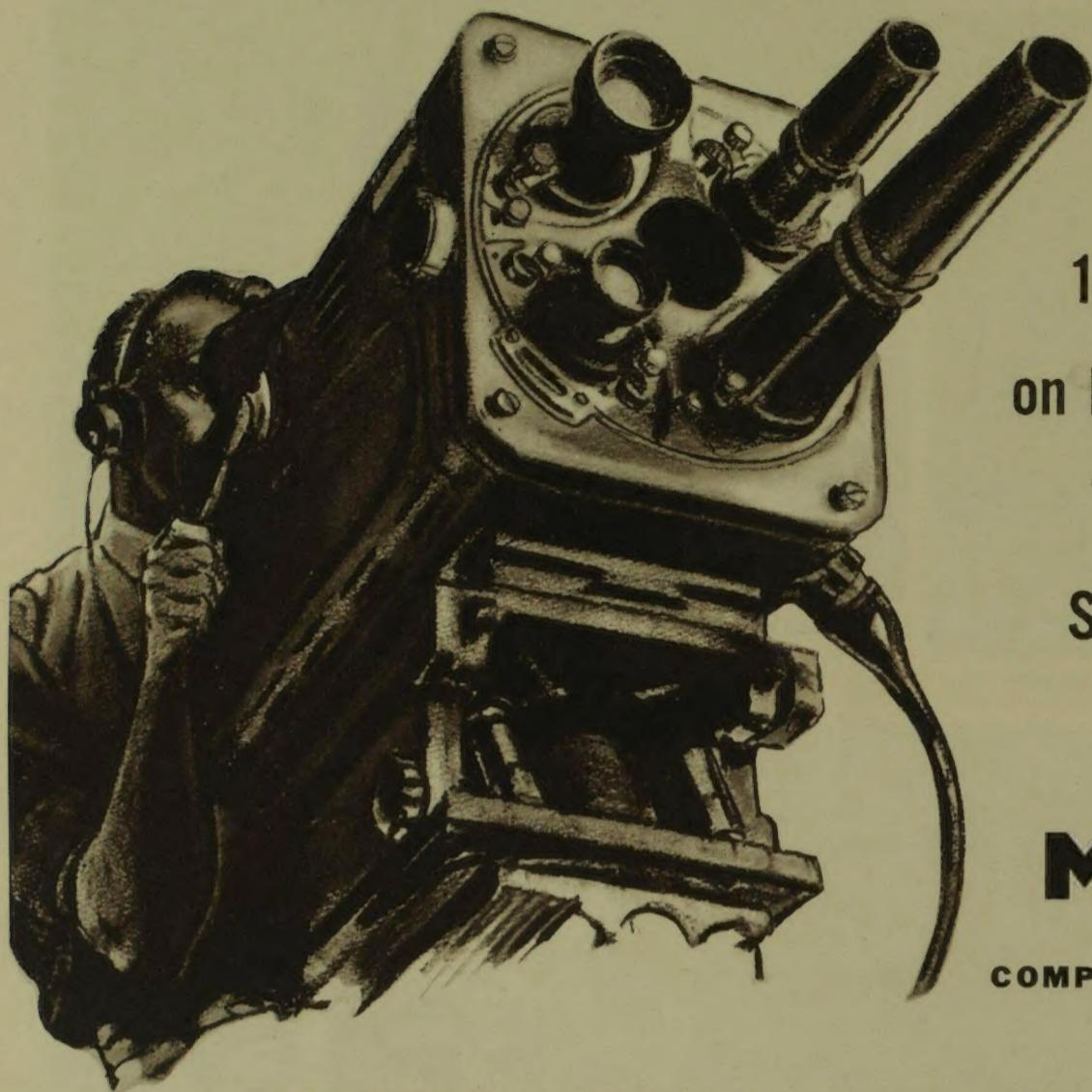


FOR BATHERS OF ALL AGES : THE SWIMMING-POOL FOR ADULTS, IN THE BACKGROUND, AND THE SMALLER ONE FOR CHILDREN.



THE INTERIOR OF A MODERN STORE IN THE VILLAGE, WHERE A WIDE VARIETY OF GOODS CAN BE PURCHASED.

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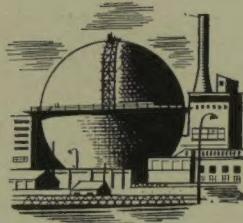
Underground Railways

London's underground railway system pioneered mass transport beneath the streets of great cities in 1863. Electric power was introduced in 1890, replacing steam.



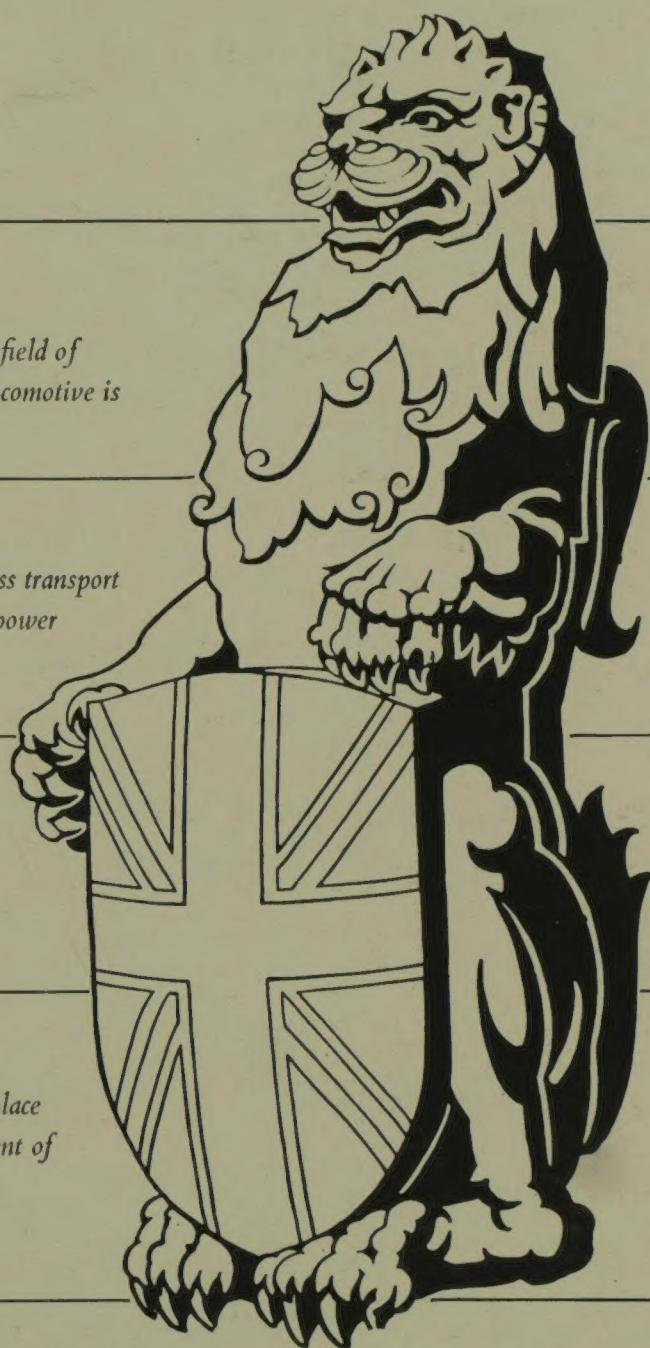
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The initiative and humanity of a British woman, Florence Nightingale, led to the founding of the first organised nursing services in the world.



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